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THE WEALTH OF OHIO.

BY T. W. LONGFELLOW.

The purest coal in bed and vein was mine,
Ere, like buried men and dead,
I slept in earth with stone on stone,
Content to be so laid.

Then came the miners, delved and bored
Deep down the flanks of Pilgrimage.

The King was proud. "Fetch me my crystals pale,
Once white like wax, but now as red
As blood that flows from a deep wound."
They brought them, decked on cushions red.
Deep down the flanks of Pilgrimage.

Then spoke the King: "Be not afraid,
Sit here by me." The good stranger,
And, sure, was by his side.
Then spoke the King: "Be not afraid,
Deep down the flanks of Pilgrimage.

And now, when the lady was a-cold,
The King demanded yet one more.
"Bring me the reddest coal you have,
The best for fire, and blaze for love."
Deep down the flanks of Pilgrimage.

They brought me, I, the strongest proof,
Entwined and engraved with the best;
The Knight went out, and came again
But with the cinder in his hand.
Deep down the flanks of Pilgrimage.

Among the men a curious mood,
He spake of treason and their treats,
He knew not what that heart bestows
And wrongly put me on the coals.
Deep down the flanks of Pilgrimage.

Then down the fire in haste sunk
The blessed of Him and Her,
With many an ember as the rest
Collapsing in the grate.
Deep down the flanks of Pilgrimage.

"There are those hearts more frozen and intense
Than to the colder brain,
And so are all the hearts of women,
That assume nature in their speech
Deep down the flanks of Pilgrimage.

Smiling at this, the King replied,
"Not so, my lord, not so;
For never was I so offended
Either by Speech or Souls"
Deep down the flanks of Pilgrimage.

They found the fires severed, parted,
Each from the other's side;
Twain were parted as by grave,
And none had seen the stranger pass
Deep down the flanks of Pilgrimage.

King and stranger kissed, and said,
"Forgive me, I was wrong."
The stranger said, "Forgive me, too,
The while I kissed you once the hot wrath."
Deep down the flanks of Pilgrimage.

Original Novelette.

Written for the War News.

# FLORENCE LISTON.

## A STORY OF THE HEART.

BY FERDINAND E. SARMIENTO.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ENCOUNTER IN THE PARK.

Away through the green fields of "merrie England," which deep green never at twilight, running in all directions, with here and there its picturesque little "lodge" that depicts the eminence into some gentleman's "grounds." Away from thence, through the broad stretching meadows, over the string of limpid streams, through the hedge, and across bridges, until the dim outline of the modern city of London and the journey is approaching its end. All is now bustle and confusion. The strange effect of hearing nothing but the rumbling of the carriages when out of hot fogs of all varieties are carried at Dover, is now succeeded ten-fold, and we stare around us almost as bewildered as though we had been dropped from a balloon in some term meeting-place. On the platform stand waiters in officious custom-house officer demands your name—"your passport!" in the intricate custom house rushes it. Such hot work, too! Last night you were in Paris—this morning you are in London.

As soon as I got to be within upon the affect travelling is supposed to have spoiled it, I found that it is not, and hence it is that, and hence my conclusion no longer holds the slavery under travelling. Another strikes the slavery chains which are supposed to bind the heart together. If you, young man, wish to buy from the tender passion, travel with a woman. If you would increase it, travel with the object of your admiration by your side. If you would separate it, travel over the holy you intend to marry.

It has always constituted a mystery to me, then, why gentlemen, after travelling, should read their daughters unending words of goodness and wisdom, and be altogether good-for nothing fellows, as a consequence for them the best, in any case. Travel is supposed to excite the senses; then to increase the love, it is supposed to excite the senses. There is more in it than meets the eye. A man in having a thing on holidays—supposing people have any—loves it more than ever. It commences and in loving a woman's society, and how to do the charm of it is the mere conventional to do—one of the drawing-rooms, or one of those home circles? Now it is very different in travelling.

Augustus and Leonore start perfectly sound-hearted. They are travelling in France. Leonore's papa is in Paris, where she is going to meet him; and he may be music, who is somewhere on the Rhine. She has been placed in charge of young Mr. Augustus——Who, it is rumored, has an almost unique gift of being able to "manage" strange countries "by the bridle," and "ride" them like a horse in the wood. He knew already of Bologne; they have rode together by the same horse; they have made romances by the dormant hand to the same horse; they have experimented things to each other, and we consequently were pleased together. Augustus, in the drawing-rooms at home, would never romance enough to make a couple bit mouth, does not find it worth a "sou" to deal with a pretty girl as he had thought. He has been forced into it, he has been thrown overboard, and lost to sense for it. As he expresses it—"like a cork a capital gift—a pleasure—to sin—he is pleasant to meet with such a girl."

Time passes. They are whirling away on their rude car. The young couple are yet whole-hearted. Augustus feels an affection as yet for Leonore, but he is bound to entice an interest in her—she is under his protection. Every gentleman is who is placed in a like circumstances. Leonore, dream not! I'm going to let my affairs upon a lofty under my protection. Ah, you are very lovely, trailing his cuirass over the ground. I, which has always been a man, demanded what the fellow meant." So let the matter rest, as the train was leaving the station. Ready, and I heard the "officer" which happens to be a gendarme, would have conducted his a-scramble French, and which he heard it there on the platform before the train was quite away. Leonore understood it; and with the thought of having taken a French officer to account, Augustus put on his eye-glass fitting herself on her imagination has to other passengers and her feet found her to long pasted for; while he discovers what he had not discovered before, viz: that Leonore was the sweetest eyes. "Yes, sir, the sweetest eyes." Soon we shall see what's been left, sir, and such a mouth!

If after this Leonore be another sea voyage, from Boulogne to Cuffnells, or a journey to Scottish lake, we may set the thing down as settled, to find without the slightest surprise some morning soon after it is done.

"Mr. Augustus——, eh! son of one of our newly-created peers, and the son of one of the finest estates in England, to Miss Leonore——, daughter of Mr. ——, eh! this city."

I have not gone into this lengthy digression to inform the reader that either name or Florence's love then began to hold sway. All of the ties followed these pages he has seen of Florence's love. He has seen her in the delightful little circumstances of her love-affair, and he has seen her unbroken father. He could not know, at least, that Florence's love until we consummate his and outgrow. Even against the will of Florence, and even on my part, one touch of discovery on her part, would blast my happiness forever. I could I hope that Florence Lisson would not be caught, one within the aspect of pregnant his lover? What sentiment is that I have for her? Do we take the starving thief to our home and say, "Here is our son-in-law," knowingly compelled thus to the act? No. No, wrong ourselves in our gratitude self-reliance, in that virtue that has never known compromise. Ah, I am a man, and I will not bring to ground! He should have worked; he should have begged even, or if these all failed him, he should have died, rather than have stolen my child.

This thought haunted me day and night, tainting all my happiness, or could I doubt the verdict of a high toned soul such as I have described? Could I entertain a single doubt that her sentiments would be "Away! He should have had food—yes, even at the cost of my innocence—upon the supplied of some other." Then, my happy girl, you will be free now, I cannot say but I am pleased. I say all love had been poured out to you, and there was nothing to my present love. It was no longer the love of compassion, but of love. It was the deep devotion of the man, it was a love, which, though full in the heart, could reach my home now quiescence without being any way at its shrine. Florence, I said, I noticed, seemed not adverse to my attentions; and one day, with arch look, she said I noticed for the first time a ring upon her finger that I recognized. It was one I had had enclosed to her the night before my departure from Boulogne. It was a ring of the bonnie bright, and graved upon it, "Forever." In my joy, this night, I pressed her lips to mine almost overpowered by my emotion. Florence, I was away.

Florence, you are now my betrothed, and my lovely, "as dear Somerville."

Edmund, "what can have made you never sympathize with me in anything. Ah, Florence, I will answer you candidly, as I always have. I have heard how, when you learned that your poor father had died in a state of destitution, he resented to let when we left the city. Florence, I was a poor man, and I must say I was a poor man, and I must say I was a poor man, and I must say

[For The Press.]

## THE BLACK BRIGADE AT PORT HUDSON.

BY JOHN A. DORGAN.

I.

Not fair, for they too long have borne
The badge of shame, the lash of scorn;
Not fair, for seamed with many a scar
Their spirits like their bodies are;
Nor learned in books, nor smooth in speech,
Whom tyrants made it crime to teach;
But strong of limb and true of heart,
Behold them in their manhood smart
For this their trial-day arrayed,
The soldiers of the Black Brigade.

II.

Forward! And with one praise sublime,
And singing tread of ancient rhyme,
They sweep; and forward as they sweep,
The thunders of the cannon leap
Upon them, and their bleeding host
Within the battle-cloud is lost;
Flash sword and bayonet, shot and shell
Fly screaming through that mist of hell,
But onward, onward, undismayed,
They hold their way—the Black Brigade.

III.

And on, and on, and on they tread;
And all the field is heaped with dead,
And slippery grows the grass with gore,
But onward, onward, yet once more.
In vain! In vain! The moated wall
Mocks them, but valiantly they fall;
Anselmo dies, but to his breast
The flag he bore in life is pressed;
Or knave, or fool who did not aid
The heroes of the Black Brigade.

IV.

Again, again, and yet again
They charge, but ah, too few! in vain.
The negro's courage is in vain,
Nor can alone the Saxon's brain;
The day is lost; on every side
Have Saxons fled; let none deride
Who mark them, as with footsteps slow
And eyes of rage they backward go;
And all who saw how few, huzzaed
In honor of the Black Brigade.

V.

But not for them was lost the day,
Who made like Winkelried away,
And bridge-like o'er whose bodies dead
Shall Freedom to their brethren tread;
The sickle they shall grasp no more,
But harvest in the fields of war;
Their history shall keep the fame
Of these, who dying overcame;
Their poets in their songs shall braid
The memory of the Black Brigade.

## RETROSPECTION UPON THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG—THE REBEL DEFEAT AND ITS EVIDENT RESULTS.

*To the Editor of The Press:*

SIR: The smoke of battle has disappeared, the roar of artillery, and the rush of heavy columns of armed men moving up to the attack have ceased, and all is quiet along the Potomac. Pennsylvania breathes freely. Her people who dwell along the border, sleep quietly once more, undisturbed by visions of flying horsemen of hideous aspect, whose mission was to plunder and destroy. Gettysburg, which only three Sabbaths since was a quiet village, nestled among the hills to the eastward of South Mountain, and whose Teutonic inhabitants, stingy and apathetic, were busily engaged in their rural pursuits, has become one vast cemetery for dead men and animals. In the village and around it, was enacted one of the most sanguinary tragedies on record. For three days and nights her streets ran with blood, and the surrounding groves and rocky glens were made hideous with the groans of wounded and dying men. Not only upon every little eminence, but within the shady nooks and dark ravines, the iron and leaden messengers of death found their way and fulfilled their mission. Batteries of shining brass, or sombre iron, galloped along the highways, through obscure lanes, across pretty gardens, into front yards bedecked with flowers, tearing away and destroying all evidences of beauty and civilization, and wheeling upon some commanding position, belched forth sulphurous smoke and deadly missile upon the advancing foe. The answering fire brought back a deadly storm of screeching shells, or shrill whistling bullets, which penetrated house, garden, orchard, outbuilding, or anything else in their way. No place of safety for man, woman, or child, there, within the limits of the horse-shoe formed by our line of battle. Yonder goes a column of infantry, belonging to the Second Division of the Twelfth Corps, marching with steady pace towards a dense growth of timber which skirts an open field; occasionally a shell drops among them, or a stray bullet marks its victim, and subtracts one from the solid mass. They heed it not, but with steady step and firmer tread, grasp their arms more tightly, and press forward.

Soon they enter the wood and disappear. Anon the firing before heard from the timber increases, and the scattering shots of the weary men thus relieved by timely reinforcements are superseded by a simultaneous volley from the whole column so recently seen to enter. The men are veterans who have been on many a battle-field aforetime. They fight vigorously, and with a will, their first volley seeming to be a continuous one, without end or intermission. The exhausted soldiers, thus relieved by fresh troops, emerge from the woods, their faces blackened with powder, and the perspiration flowing from every pore. Some were wounded in hand, or arm, or other place, not fatal, but bravely stood their ground until relieved by order. For six hours they have fought thus without cessation against a brave and determined foe. These are the men, and this is the position of the Twelfth Corps of the Army of the Potomac. The enemy was massed in large force before this position, which was a strong one, and must be carried by them or victory was on the side of the Union. Every private in our ranks knew that this flank of our army must hold its ground in order to success.

Yonder, upon a rocky eminence of slight elevation, stands a battery of 10-pound Parrott guns, with their muzzles pointed toward that part of the timber where the rebels are located. It is so situated as to enfilade them, its line of fire being nearly parallel to our line of battle. Its projectiles go crashing through the timber, hurling over the heads of the foe, and scattering death and consternation among them. It is Knapp's Pennsylvania Battery; has been nearly two years in the service, has often been favorably noticed, and has usually been attached to the command of Gen. Geary, now chief of the White-star Division of the 12th Corps. One of its commissioned officers is the eldest son of General Geary, who has only two sons, but who, in the spirit of true patriotism, has given both of them, besides himself, to die, if need be, in the defence of their country. "Take care of my father," said Lieut. Geary to the members of his father's staff at Chancellorville. Well might he repeat the injunction now, while the battle I have so imperfectly described is raging with such determined fury. The General persists in remaining among his troops, where the missiles fly thick and fast continually, and the members of his staff, faithful to their calling, remain constantly near him, except when carrying his orders to different parts of the field. Finally the murderous strife ceases, the rebels give way on all sides, darkness closes the third and last day of the fight, and victory is ours.

Now when the enemy have retreated, and gone back to Virginia crippled, but not, as we hoped, entirely crushed, we may with propriety speak of the deeds of brave men, and speculate upon the future. The Army of the Potomac has beaten the rebel army, winning a glorious victory, and forcing it to retire with great loss to the southern bank of the Potomac. Simultaneously with this achievement comes the intelligence of other successes for the Union cause of such magnitude that we are constrained to believe an honorable peace does not lie far in the future. We are enraged, vexed, and ashamed of our Northern countrymen for their opposition to the draft. We have prayed that our division (one brigade of which is composed entirely of New York troops) could be allowed to march into the city of New York and clear its streets of the accursed mob who have been induced by Copperhead teachings to commit wanton and wicked acts of resistance to the law. There is only one sentiment, one feeling here, in regard to this matter, and that is all embodied in the word *shame*. It will not be well for the people of the free States to entirely ignore the army, which, by the necessities of the nation, has come to be a mighty engine of power for strengthening and upholding the Government. The men in the various armies of the Union now, and those who cordially co-operate with them in putting down the rebellion, will surely rule in this country for the next quarter of a century. Not as *soldiers* altogether, but as the *law makers* after the war is over. The bone and sinew of the land, the men of intelligence and administrative ability, are mostly in the army, and when the war is over they will be found in the legislative halls of the land banded together by a brotherhood formed upon the battle-field while sustaining the common country.

Nothing so much contributes to strong and lasting friendship as mutual suffering in a righteous cause. They will not all be *Republicans* or all *Democrats*, but they will be true *patriots*, which is better. They who perilled so much for the preservation of the Government will keep it secure while they live against the machinations of those cowardly, pathless who stir up strife for party ends and purposes.

The officers and men of the rebel army so recently driven over the border had no respect for the armed sympathizers with their cause whom they found in Maryland and Pennsylvania, but, on the contrary, stripped them relentlessly of horses, cattle, and all else they could carry away. It is all right, and we do not mourn. Honest men always despise traitors, no matter what their stripe, or on which side they are found. There is little probability that the men about to be drafted will see much service in the field. Give us the 300,000 valiant men called for by the President and the war will soon end. "As the morning steals upon the night, melting the darkness," so in the distance there breaks upon our anxious vision a faint streak of light, a welcome harbinger of the *day of peace*, which, in God's own time, shall come back to us laden with manifold blessings to an humbled but a united and happy people.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, W.

CAMP OF THE 2D DIVISION, 12TH ARMY CORPS, on the Potomac, July 17, 1863.

## THE LONDON TIMES AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN—WHAT THE "THUNDERER" THOUGHT THREE YEARS AGO.

A correspondent sends to the London *Daily News* the following extracts from the *Times* on the occasion of the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860; they stand in marked contrast with the articles which now appear in that journal:

*Times*, Nov. 20, 1860.—"Mr. Lincoln has been elected the President, and Mr. Hamlin, Vice President, of the great American Confederacy. The event has been long foreseen, and will surprise nobody who has paid the least attention to American politics. It is the natural reaction against the outrages and excesses of 1855 and 1856—the protest of the freest and best educated part of the American people against acts of high-handed violence and oppression which preceded the advent of Mr. Buchanan to power. If the South has at length found that it is not omnipotent in the councils of the country, that unpleasant discovery is owing to the foolish and intemperate use which the South has made of its prosperity. * * * Slavery has been defended as the normal and perfect state of human society, and the North has been bitterly taunted with its honest industry, and the coarseness and manners which the fastidious Southern planter traces in that cause. While claiming for itself the monopoly of the Government of the United States, the South has constantly held the language of disaffection, and the United States have been ruled by a party which was perpetually talking of disuniting them."

*Times*, November 21, 1860.—"We rejoice on higher and surer grounds that the election has ended in the return of Mr. Lincoln; we are glad to think that the march of slavery, and the domineering tone which its advocates were beginning to assume over freedom, have been at length arrested and silenced."

*Times*, November 26, 1860.—"Should South Carolina, Georgia, and the adjacent States separate themselves permanently from the federation constituting themselves a new nation, &c., with all the appendages of independence, then the whole series of American politicians will have been in the wrong—and this journal, which has always declared such an event to be impossible, will have been in the wrong with them."

*Times*, November 29, 1860.—"Can any sane man believe that England and France will consent, as is now suggested, to stultify the policy of half a century for the sake of an extended cotton trade, and to purchase the favor of Charleston and Milledgeville by recognizing what has been called 'the infernal law which impels African labor towards the tropics,' on the other side of the Atlantic?"

*Times*, December 5, 1860.—"In South Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia, an appeal is to be made to the last powers vested in the State Constitution, with a view to disunion, on no ground whatever that can be discovered except that they do not like Mr. Lincoln. He has committed himself to declarations against slavery. * * * To all our political notions there is no more reason for the violence reported from the Southern States than there would be for the electors of Southwark refusing to pay assessed taxes, because Lord Palmerston had declared against the ballot."

*Times*, December, 1860.—"Of one thing the Democrats may be well assured, that the character and prestige of the great United States in the eyes of Europe depend on their Federal Union. * * All that is noble and venerable in the United States is associated with its Federal Constitution. It is not the demonstrations of Southern ruffianism in Congress, or the filibustering aggrandizement of the South, from the Mexican annexations downwards, or the fugitive-slave law, or the Dred Scott decision, or the Kansas-Nebraska act—it is not these, or any other triumph of Democratic insolence during their ascendancy of half a century, that has commanded the sympathy and admiration of Europe."

*Times*, December 11, 1860.—"Without sharing the opinions, much less using the language of the Abolitionists, with respect to slavery, * * * we look upon the conduct of South Carolina in this matter as disgraceful in the last degree."

*Times*, December 31, 1860.—"The free commerce which might be opened at Charleston or New Orleans would fail to produce cordial relations with a confederacy which would be pledged to promote the indefinite extension of slavery, even if it were not tempted to revive the slave trade."

## ANDREW JACKSON ON SECESSION.

An original letter of President Jackson has been presented to the Chicago Historical Society by General Hurlbut, who remarked that it would be found "characteristic, and with some points that fit the times." We extract the following:

Nullification is expiring. Its last dying groan is just sealed by a repeal of the ordinance and laws passed by the South Carolina Convention, who passed it, and hereafter nullification and secession will never be heard of except to holding up to scorn and detestation their advocates, and particularly their prime movers. The bloody bill (as the nullies call the late judiciary bill or enforcing bill) has put this to rest. It spoke the united sentiments of the people from Maine to Louisiana, *that nullification and secession are revolutionary measures, and not political rights growing out of our Constitution or Confederacy.* The natural right of man is to resist oppression when it comes. It equally belongs to communities. When they have the physical power, they succeed; otherwise, *they will be coerced into obedience.* Our Governments, both State and General, are Governments founded by the people for their own prosperity and happiness. The people are the sovereigns, and having formed a Federal and National Government for the transaction of all their national concerns, and the State Governments to regulate all their local and domestic concerns, and having pointed out by the Constitution how it is to be altered and amended, it can only constitutionally and peacefully be so altered; any other is revolution. The people being the sovereign head, they only have the right to change their Government. This is the beauty and safety of our form of Government. It is unique in itself, and surpasses all other systems ever contemplated, and as long as it is truly administered, by the General Government keeping within the pale of its granted powers, and leaving the people and the States their reserved rights, it will work well and endure forever. It is the strongest Government in the world, because it is made by the people for their own happiness, security, and prosperity, and rests upon the support of the people.

AN ELOQUENT PREDICTION.—Concluding his speech at the Harvard College Anniversary, the venerable Josiah Quincy said, alluding to his ancestor, the Quincy of the Revolution:

"I had intended to adduce on this occasion extracts adapted to illustrate this principle—that slavery is to be avoided not out of regard to the character of the people among whom it exists, not out of respect to the slave—but I find that neither your time nor my strength permits. I will, therefore, conclude with an anticipation of his, concluding with his remarks on the Boston Port bill, a prophecy which it is our happiness and glory to see fulfilled. After a laudatory eulogy of the patriots of Rome and England, he exclaims: 'Spirits and genii like these arose in Rome, and have long since adorned Britain. Such also shall one day make glorious this more Western World. America hath in store her Bruti, her Cassii, her Hampdens and Sydneys, patriots and heroes who will form a band of brothers; men who will have memories and feelings, courage and swords—courage that shall inflame their ardent bosoms till their hands cleave to their swords, and their swords to their enemies' hearts.'"

A REVEREND REBEL.—The churchmen of the South are begging earnestly for a supply of prayer books and church tracts, and permission has been obtained from the Government, by Dr. Dix, rector of Trinity Church, N. Y., to forward them through the lines. We would most heartily second this religious shipment, and pray that the rebels, by a careful and thorough reading of the same, may be brought to an exhaustive repentance, and see the error of their ways before they are compelled to do so by the cannon's mouth and the bayonet. Included in the request for religious reading was a statement that, among others, Bishop Polk sent *kind messages of his undiminished love as of old, to his brother churchmen of the North.* Viewed as a bishop and under his robes, the message is entirely appropriate. Viewed as a military chieftain, guzzling champagne at Columbus, while he ordered negroes at work upon the fortifications to be lashed for their tardy digging, the message is ridiculously gratuitous. Let the reverend general doff his military habit, cease his warfare against the brethren he so affectionately remembers, reduce both his profanity and his potations, and such messages will bear with them some effect. As it now stands, he belongs to a very poor class of rebel sinners.—*Chicago Tribune.*

FOUR CAMPAIGNS CLOSED.—No less than four great military campaigns have come to a conclusion since the beginning of June—General Meade's campaign in Pennsylvania and Maryland against Lee; General Rosecrans' campaign against Bragg; General Grant's campaign against Vicksburg; General Banks' campaign against Port Hudson. The two latter campaigns and victories are final in themselves; the two former will doubtless be resumed on new fields, or rather new campaigns will succeed those just closed.

## THE REBELS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The *Franklin Repository* describes at length the career of the rebels in our border counties. Their freaks, humors, and prejudices, along with a number of their outrages upon property and life, are told graphically. From an interesting passage we extract:

Even intelligent rebel officers insisted that Lincoln was a fugitive in Boston, and dare not occupy his capital, and the rank and file were regaled with that and equally absurd falsehoods. Others declared that he was habitually intoxicated, and unable to attend to his official duties because of his intemperance. These men were evidently taught to regard President Lincoln as brutal and barbarous in an eminent degree, and they were amazed to find the loyal of all parties alike respecting him and the Government.

Rev. Mr. Pryor, father of the blustering General Roger A. Pryor, who didn't fight Potter when in Congress, was with Lee as chaplain, and seemed to have a general supervision of the piety of the army. He represented the progress of religion as eminently satisfactory, and seemed to regard the rebels as perfectly Cromwellian in morals. True, they would steal negroes and from negroes, and anything else, from a ten-penny nail to a six-horse team; but they were nevertheless a model army, according to Pryor, in all the attributes of Christian character. Our people generally thought that the scale of Zion must be very low down South.

The discipline of the rebel army was admirable. No private or subaltern dared to disregard an order in presence of his superior, or where his superior officer was likely to be advised of it. When the rebel columns filed through Chambersburg, they marched with the utmost order and decorum, and laughing, talking loudly or singing was not indulged in.

Some of the Border State, and most of the more Southern rebels, had rather peculiar conceptions of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Quite a number were astonished to find our people speaking English, as they supposed that the prevalent language was the German. At first, when they attempted detestive romance, they would imitate the broken English of the Germans, and judging from Ewell's demand for twenty-five barrels of sourkrout at a season when it is unknown in any country, even the commanding officers must have considered our people as profoundly Dutch. It would require an intensely Dutch community to supply sourkrout in July. Our farm buildings and especially our large and fine barns all through the valley, at once excited their astonishment and admiration. Quite a number of officers visited the barn of the editor as a matter of curiosity, although there are many in our valley much larger and quite as well finished. The private soldiers generally concluded that it must be the church of some very large denomination in this community; and the out-buildings about it such as chicken-house, hog-pen, carriage house, &c., were generally supposed to be servants' houses, and very neat ones.

Mr. Strite, a peaceful and inoffensive citizen, was cruelly murdered by some of the rebel soldiers of Hill's corps, on his farm, located near the Greencastle road, three miles from town. He was standing in his yard when three of the villains approached him and demanded his money. He immediately surrendered it. Soon after two more men came to him, making a similar demand. The murderers buried his body in a dung heap, and then fled. Mr. Strite leaves a large family. The shocking manner of his death occasioned the most profound indignation wherever it became known.

From the narrative of a correspondent of the Lancaster *Express* we take the following:

Gen. Ewell was reserved in conversation and dignified in appearance. Gen. A. P. Hill was more communicative and agreeable, but had a very poor opinion of the generals in the Union army—in fact, a general denunciation of the Union generals and officers was the predominant feature in the conversation of both officers and privates.

We have been told that the Southern men are more cultivated and refined than those of the North—that chivalry and honor are the characteristics of the Southern people. If highway robberies, profanity, vulgarity, filthiness, and general meanness are the requisite qualifications for constituting a high-toned gentleman, then indeed may the Southern soldiers claim the appellation. Hardly a house that has not been robbed; many of them have been sacked two or three times, my own mother's being one of the latter. Everything of value was taken, clothing of all kinds, men and women's—even ladies' underclothing, including hoop skirts; money, watches, jewelry, quilts, shawls, guns—everything in the eating line, to the drinking of the slop out of the swill tubs, was appropriated by the First Families of Virginia.

It was no unusual thing, while sitting in your house, or walking in the road, for a squad to ride up, presenting a pistol to your head, and demanding your money, hat, coat, boots, and pantaloons; refuse, and you would get a taste of rebel lead. Men were stripped of their clothing on the road, not only of their hat and coat, but pantaloons too, and forced to go home in a state of nudity. Mr. Strite, a peaceable and innocent man, was shot down in front of his barn for his money, and covered over with manure by his inhuman murderers. Many would terrify the women by demanding things which they conceived to have been hidden away, by lighting a match and threatening to fire the building. Deeds of property and other valuable papers were destroyed; a wheat field was generally taken in preference to a timothy or clover field for pasture for their horses, and wheat was frequently taken in preference to corn. It was no unusual thing to see a fine quilt used as a horse blanket; and while these demons were devastating the country and robbing your house, you were subject to the most vile abuse, such as, "You d—d abolitionist, if we would do as your men done in our country, we would burn your house and barn, and turn you to the woods. Now, d—n you, we are in the Union again, and we intend to make it the hottest Union this side of h—l," &c. But the fact that they entered the poor-house, and robbed the paupers of their clothing, thoroughly illustrates the character of the rebel soldier.

Of the amount of damage done to the farming interest of this valley, those who have not seen can form no conception of it. Hundreds of fields of fine wheat and grass are now a mixture of mud, broken wagons, dead horses, &c., while thousands of farmers have not a horse, cow, hog, chicken, wagon, harness, or a pound of meat or flour in the house.

THE RETREAT FROM GETTYSBURG.

Sabbath morning last, about 2 o'clock the rebels entered town on their retreat towards the Potomac, the infantry and part of the supply train going along the mountain, while the principal part of the train and the wounded passed through this place, and perhaps from five to ten thousand stragglers on foot, most of them without shoes, having lost them in the mud. Many had their shirt sleeves torn off for bandages, some without a hat, others with heads tied up, and others with one leg of their pantaloons torn off. Add to this some six to ten thousand mounted infantry and cavalry on worn-out horses struggling in the mud, with here and there a stray piece of artillery, and the wagons and ambulances, and you have some idea of the panorama as it moved along.

For thirty-six hours did they pour over the roads and fields, wending their way toward that historic stream, the Potomac. Oh, what a scene! The teamsters, with horrid oaths, pounded the poor, exhausted horses and mules, while the road was strewn with dead horses and broken wagons. Here and there you could see a team fast in the mud, with men prying at it with rails, while by the wayside, against trees, stumps, and in the mud, sat the exhausted wounded, unable to go further. Thousands, more fortunate than these poor wretches, were endeavoring to make their escape on the worn-out horses which they had stolen, who, when requested by some exhausted wretch to leave him ride for a few miles or so, would turn a deaf ear to the supplications of his companions-in-arms; for, in the vortex and confusion, all sense of feeling was lost. Misfortune had placed officers and privates on a level. The stolen goods were freely exchanged for a small piece of bread or cake.

The road was strewn with cast-off clothing, blankets, knapsacks, guns, and empty haversacks. But amid all the confusion and noise could be heard the moans of the wounded in the wagons and ambulances, as they were hurried over the rough, muddy roads. Many died on the way, and were thrown into the woods and barns for the citizens to bury. When a wagon would break down, the wounded would be left to their fate. Oh, how they would beg and entreat those around them not to leave them there to die, far from their friends and homes! But their supplications and tears were lost upon men who, hardened by the misfortunes with which they were surrounded, made the old maxim, "self-preservation is the first law of nature," their guide. When a team would give out or a horse become exhausted, they would lighten the wagon by throwing one or two of the wounded out, who, with tears in their eyes, would beg for mercy; but humanity had left the teamster, and he heard them not. Thousands of them would inquire, "How far to the river?" "How far to the Maryland line?" "How far to Williamsport?" When answered that it was twenty miles to the river, they would look bewildered, and say, "I cannot walk that far." Others would sit down, yielding calmly to their fate. Others again would beg for medical aid, but it was not to be had.

While I looked at the miserable wretches striving to reach the Potomac, I could distinctly hear our artillery preventing the advance from crossing, and I thought of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, and hoped that the Potomac might prove as disastrous to the rebels as the Beresina did to his army.

A MORAL HERO.—Let the name of another South Carolinian be mentioned with honor. In his oration, on the Fourth of July, Professor McCoy stated, as an illustration of the spirit of self-sacrifice in which the cause of the country should be supported, an example which would remind every one of the case of Charles Carrol, of Carrolton. The President's proclamation, against which so many revolted who never owned a slave in the world, had not shaken the loyalty of the largest slaveowner in the world. Governor Aiken, of South Carolina, who owned three thousand slaves, was, at this moment rotting in the Libby prison at Richmond, because of his loyalty to the National Government of Washington. Governor Aiken said, in substance, (and three colonels now in this audience will vouch for it) "Perish my claims to three thousand slaves, but save—oh! save the Government of my country!"—*Nashville Union.*

HOW TO DEAL WITH RIOT.—Bishop Bailey, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Newark, N. J., in reference to the riotous conduct so unhappily prevalent, says there is but one way to deal with it, and that is the Napoleonic one—namely, to use grape and canister until every disturber of the peace should return to his duty. There are not a few people here who agree in this view of the case. Our military highly approve the theory, and are fully prepared, if unfortunately necessary, to carry it into practical effect.—*Boston Journal.*

## THE DIARY OF A REBEL.

The Lexington (Ky.) *Loyalist* has come into possession of the diary of Colonel Alston, chief of Gen. John Morgan's staff. Some extracts give an excellent view of the rebel life in camp and saddle. Among them are the following:

NEW MARKET, KY., July 4.—A day of gloom, deep gloom, to our entire command. How many, who rose this morning full of enthusiasm and hope, now "sleep the sleep that knows no waking!" The sun rose bright and beautiful, the air was cool and balmy, all nature wore the appearance of peace and harmony. While riding along, affected by the stillness of all around, Captain Magroule, the adjutant general, rode up and remarked how dreadful to reflect that we were marching on to engage in deadly strife, and how many poor fellows would pass into eternity before the rolling of yonder sun. I have no doubt the poor fellow was moved to the reflections by one of those unaccountable presentiments which are so often the harbingers of evil. (Before dark he was a corpse.) About sunrise we drove in the enemy's pickets, and were soon near the fortifications, which had been erected to prevent our crossing. General Morgan sent in a flag of truce and demanded the surrender, but the colonel quietly remarked "if it was any other day he might consider the demand, but the Fourth of July was a bad day to talk about surrender, and he must therefore decline." The colonel is a gallant man, and the entire arrangement of his defences entitles him to the highest credit for military skill. We would mark such a man in our army for promotion.

July 5.—Another day of gloom, fatigue and death. Moved on Lebanon at sunrise. Placed our men in line. Sent around Colonel J. with his brigade to the Danville road to cut off reinforcements, which we knew were expected from Danville. I went in with a flag of truce. It was fired on five times. Officer apologized, saying he thought it was a man with a white and no. Very dangerous mistake, at least for me. Demanded unconditional surrender. Told Colonel Hanson reinforcements were cut off, and resistance was useless. He refused to surrender, and I then ordered him to send out the non-combatants, as we would be compelled to shell the town. He posted his regiment in the depot and in various houses, by which he was enabled to make a desperate resistance. After a fight of seven hours, General Morgan, finding the town could be taken in no other way, ordered a charge to be made. This ought to have been done at first, but General Morgan said, when it was urged on him, that he wished to avoid the destruction of private property as much as possible, and he would only permit it as a last and final resort. Colonel Hanson still held out in hopes of receiving reinforcements, and only surrendered after we had fired the buildings in which he was posted. His force consisted of the 20th Kentucky, about 370 men, and twenty or twenty five stragglers from other commands.

By this surrender we obtained a sufficient quantity of guns to arm all our men who were without them; also, a quantity of ammunition, of which we stood sorely in need. At the order to charge, Duke's regiment rushed forward, and poor Tommy Morgan, who was always in the lead, ran forward and cheered the men with all the enthusiasm of his bright nature. Almost at the first volley he fell back, pierced through the heart. His only words were, "Brother Cally, they have killed me." Noble youth! how deeply lamented by all who knew you. This was a crushing blow to General Morgan, whose affection for his brother exceeded the love of Jonathan for David. It caused a terrible excitement, and the men were in a state of frenzy. It required the utmost energy and promptness on the part of the officers to prevent a scene of slaughter, which all would deeply have lamented. Our men behaved badly here, breaking open stores and plundering indiscriminately. All that officers could do was done to prevent it, but in vain. These occurrences are very disgraceful, and I am truly glad that they form exceptions to the general conduct.

While I was paroling the prisoners, a courier arrived, informing me that the enemy were approaching with two regiments of cavalry and a battery of artillery, and that skirmishing was then going on with our pickets. I was, therefore, obliged to order the prisoners to Springfield on the double quick. Soon after we left Lebanon the hardest rain I ever experienced commenced to fall, and continued till nine o'clock. Arrived at Springfield at dark, when I halted the prisoners in order to parole those who were not paroled at Lebanon, and formally dismissed them. This detained me at Springfield two hours after the command had passed. Wet and chilly, worn out, horse tired and hungry; stopped to feed her. Falling asleep, was aroused by one of the men. Started on to the command. When I reached the point on the Bardstown road where I had expected the 2d Brigade to encamp, was hailed by a party of cavalry. Supposing them to be our own pickets, I rode up promptly to correct them for standing in full view of any one approaching, when, to my mortification, I found myself a prisoner. My God! how I hated it, no one can understand. The first thought after my wife and children, was my fine mare, "Fannie Johnson," named after a pretty little cousin, of Richmond, Va. I said, "poor Fannie, who will treat you as kindly as I have?" I turned her over to the Captain, and begged him to take care of her, which he promised to do.

## HOW LEE ESCAPED.

From Williamsport, at date of the 15th, a correspondent of the *Tribune* writes:

On Sunday night a council of corps commanders and chiefs of departments was held at headquarters. The question to be decided was, "Shall the position of the enemy be assaulted to-morrow?" There were twelve officers present, of whom five gave their opinions in the affirmative, and seven in the negative. The former were: Gen. Meade, Gen. Howard, commanding 11th Corps; Gen. G. K. Warren, Chief of Engineers, Gen. Wadsworth, commanding 1st Corps, and Gen. Pleasanton, commanding Cavalry Corps. Of these, Gen. Howard was apparently the most thoroughly convinced of the necessity of immediate attack; at least, he was the most strenuous in debate. Those opposed were the oldest corps commanders, and their weight carried a decision in the negative. It was conceded by all that if an attack were ventured upon, it should be upon the rebel left. Now, it happens that Generals Howard and Wadsworth must have led the advance, had it been permitted. Hence, their votes were a request to be allowed to fight. Moreover, from their position, we must suppose them best acquainted with the probabilities of success. Besides, Gen. Kilpatrick, who had recently fought all over the ground where the fight would have been, who himself had the extreme right at Hagerstown, was confident that, his cavalry assisting, and assisted by one good corps, he could force the rebel flank. So urgent were he and Gen. Howard, that on Monday morning they telegraphed for permission to make a reconnoissance in force in that direction. Permission was not granted, and the sole operation of the day was a small reconnoissance, just at night, by two brigades, one of cavalry and one of militia, which was pushed out half a mile or so, but was unable to determine the vital question whether the force in front was an army, or a rear-guard making believe an army. The event has shown that this day, Monday, was our golden opportunity. Had the attack been made we should have caught the rebels in the midst of a general breaking up, with only a thin line to oppose us, with the roads full of trains, with a thousand wagons yet quietly parked at Williamsport; their army, its artillery, its trains, its vast spoils, would have been our prey.

This stock of time for an attack comprised not more than two practicable hours; it is not wonderful, therefore, that it was not seized—not an impeachment of generalship that it was not seized. It would have been surprising had it been hit upon.

The effective force was probably not far from 60,000 out of 100,000 Lee led into Maryland. It goes back not so demoralized as some have fondly believed, but certainly acknowledging a terrible whipping, I judge from the testimony of citizens and prisoners.

A correspondent of the *Times* describes the manner of the enemy's crossing:

"The manner in which the enemy crossed at Williamsport shows with what desperate energy they have striven to escape a doom which was considered almost certain. After the destruction of their bridge at Falling Waters by the scout Greenwald and his party, (which really was destroyed, all other reports to the contrary notwithstanding,) the enemy had no means of crossing left, save the usual fords, which the heavy rains had made generally impracticable by the time he fell back on the river. A few iron boats were hurriedly brought up from Winchester, and, with lumber and timber, the bridge at Falling Waters was rebuilt. At Williamsport they made no endeavor to build a bridge, but constructed six or seven indifferent flatboats. On these they crossed their remaining wounded, their perishable supplies, and a portion of their ammunition and transportation. But most of their wagons, as well as all their cavalry, *forded the river at a point half a mile above* Williamsport, the water being about three and a half feet deep. A small number of their infantry also forded the river immediately at the Williamsport ferry, *the water coming up to their shoulders*. The main body of their infantry, however, as has already been stated, crossed on the pontoon bridge at Falling Waters. They began to cross on Sunday night, continued it Monday and Monday night, their rear guard not getting over at all, but falling into our hands yesterday at noon.

The people of Williamsport assert that the rebels were in a great state of trepidation on Monday, for fear that their movement would be discovered and their divided army attacked and thoroughly beaten, *as it could have been.*

ODDITIES OF THE DRAFT.—Provost Marshal Goodrich has received orders to publish the names of all exempts, and the reasons why. Edward T. Mather, son of Roland Mather of this city, was drafted in New Haven on Monday, and in this city yesterday—will he have to pay $600 to get clear? John, Hugh, and Thomas Riley, three brothers living on Sumner street, have all been drafted. The draft took eight out of the Trumbull House and nine from the Allyn House. In Calhoun's printing office, every man subject to draft was drafted except the proprietor. Sixteen members of the City Guard have been drafted, and the Third district remains to be heard from. The two remaining sons of Ogden Griswold, firm of Hastings & Griswold, were both drafted yesterday. Two organists of our city churches took their tickets yesterday. Among the queer names on the list yesterday are "Tompy Cabo" and "Antonio Slabozewski." The popular song of the conscripts who wear badges of red ribbon, is said to be: "We are coming, father Abraham, three hundred dollars more."—*Hartford paper.*

DEATH OF THE FATHER OF HOMŒOPATHY.—The death of Count S. G. S. M. Del Guidice is reported at Lyons. The Count was in his ninety-fourth year, and was the father of homœopathy, having in 1829 converted Hahneman from allopathy. Count Del Guidi had previously been a Neapolitan conspirator against Queen Caroline (in 1799), a prisoner, exile, professor of mathematics, Inspector of the University of Grenoble, a doctor of medicine, and, finally, of anti-medicine, and has died a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.—*Galignani.*

## MR. VALLANDIGHAM'S ADDRESS TO THE DEMOCRACY OF OHIO.

HIS ACCEPTANCE OF THE NOMINATION FOR GOVERNOR.

The Rochester *Union* contains an address by Vallandigham, which bears date "Niagara Falls, Canada West, July 15, 1863." We make a few extracts:

Arrested and confined for three weeks in the United States, a prisoner of state; banished thence to the Confederate States, and there held as an alien enemy and prisoner of war, though on parole, fairly and honorably dealt with, and given leave to depart an act possible only by running the blockade, at the hazard of being fired upon by ships flying the flag of my own country, I found myself first a freeman when on British soil. And to-day, under the protection of the British flag, I am here to enjoy and to part to exercise the privileges and rights which usurpers insolently deny me at home.

The shallow contrivance of the weak despots at Washington and their satellites has been defeated. Nay, it has been turned against them; and I, who for two years was maligned as in secret league with the Confederates, having refused when in their midst, under circumstances the most favorable, either to identify myself with their cause, or even so much as to remain, preferring rather exile in a foreign land, return now with allegiance to my own State and Government unbroken in word, thought, or deed, and with every declaration and pledge to you before I was stolen away, made good in spirit, and to the very letter.

Six weeks ago, when just going into banishment because an audacious but most cowardly despotism caused it, I addressed you as a fellow citizen. To-day, and from the very place then selected by me, but after wearisome and most perilous journeyings for more than four thousand miles by land and upon the sea; still in exile, though almost in sight of my native State, I greet you as your representative. Grateful, certainly I am, for the confidence in my integrity and patriotism, implied by the unanimous nomination as candidate for Governor of Ohio, which you gave me while I was yet in the Confederate States. It was not misplaced; it shall never be abused.

Mr. Vallandigham then endorses the nominations and the platform of the convention, and says that its members are "the restorers and defenders of constitutional liberty, and by that proud title history will salute you."

Mr. V. says that the issue really involved is as follows:

Whatever wills, that is law. Constitutions, the President, are nothing; acts of legislation nothing; the judiciary less than nothing. In time of war, there is but one will supreme, his will; but one law—military necessity, and he the sole judge. Military orders supersede the Constitution, and military commissions usurp the place of the ordinary courts of justice in the land. Nor are these mere idle claims. For two years and more, by arms, they have been enforced. It was the mission of the weak but presumptuous Burnside—a name infamous forever in the ears of all lovers of constitutional liberty—to try the experiment in Ohio—aided by a judge whom I came not, because he has brought foul dishonor upon the judiciary of my country.

In your hands now, men of Ohio, is the final issue of the experiment. The party of the Administration have accepted it. By pledging support to the President, they have justified his outrages upon liberty and the Constitution; and who ever gives his votes to the candidates of that party, commits himself to every act of violence and wrong on the part of the Administration which he upholds; and thus, by the law of retaliation, which is the law of might, would forfeit his own right to liberty, personal and political, whensoever other men and another party shall hold the power. Much more do the candidates themselves. Suffer them not, I entreat you, to evade the issue; and by the judgment of the people we will abide.

He has not changed his mind in regard to the war. As to this he says:

If this civil war is to terminate only by the subjugation or submission of the South to force and arms, the infant of to-day will not live to see the end of it. No, in another way only can it be brought to a close. Travelling a thousand miles and more, through nearly one-half of the Confederate States, and sojourning for a time at widely different points, I met not one man, woman or child, who was not resolved to perish rather than yield to the pressure of arms, even in the most desperate extremity. And whatever may and must be the varying fortunes of the war, in all which I recognize the hand of Providence pointing visibly to the ultimate issue of this great trial of the States and people of America, they are better prepared now every way to make good their inexorable purpose than at any period since the beginning of the struggle.

These may, indeed, be unwelcome truths; but they are addressed only to candid and honest men. Neither, however, let me add, did I meet any one, whatever his opinions or his station, political or private, who did not declare his readiness, when the war shall have ceased, and invading armies shall have been withdrawn, to consider and discuss the question of reunion. And who shall doubt the issue of the argument? I return, therefore, with my opinions and convictions as to war or peace, and my faith as to final results from sound policy and wise statesmanship, not only unchanged, but confirmed and strengthened.

## GEN. GRANT AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

A late article of the Chicago *Times* is partially as follows:

"*We give no credit to the Administration at Washington that Vicksburg has fallen. On the contrary, had its designs been carried out, probably the place would never have fallen.* It is well understood that when several weeks ago, Adjutant General Thomas left Washington for the region of war on the Mississippi, *he bore an order of the President superseding General Grant by the appointment of General McClernand to the command of the army in that quarter, and that the order was not executed because Adjutant General Thomas discovered that its execution would be repugnant to the officers and disheartening and demoralizing to the soldiers,* whose attachment to and confidence in General Grant were as great as their dislike of General McClernand was confirmed and ineradicable. It is extraordinary that the Administration did not persist in its purpose of supersedure, notwithstanding the discovery by Adjutant General Thomas as to the prospective consequences of persistence, for it is not the habit of the Administration to let any consideration of success or defeat in military operations stand in the way of its political operations. General Grant had not been remiss in his military duties; on the contrary, he had performed them with a skill and energy which had not recently been known in any other military department. *But he was supposed to be unsound on the negro.*"

To this the *Chronicle* of Washington gives authoritative denial:

There is not a single allegation in this article that is not deliberately and knowingly false.

In the first place, "when General Thomas left Washington for the seat of war on the Mississippi," he bore no order of the President superseding Gen. Grant by the appointment of Gen. McClernand to the command of the army in that quarter.

In the second place, and per consequence, Gen. Thomas could have discovered no such repugnance to the removal of Gen. Grant as is stated among the officers and soldiers, because he bore no orders for Gen. Grant's removal.

In the third place, if the supersedure of a general officer was contemplated by the Administration, it was more the removal of General McClernand than of General Grant.

In the fourth place, General Grant has not been "unsound upon the negro," but on the reverse that he has co-operated earnestly and constantly with General Thomas in all his recommendations; and when General Thomas returned to this city from the army of the Mississippi, he was unbounded in his expressions of admiration and confidence in that brave and intrepid officer.

These are the facts stated by authority, and we may add that if fuller contradiction than this ample and specific contradiction is required, the editor of the Chicago *Times* is referred to Gen. Grant himself, who will probably give him not only a lesson in veracity, but also a lesson in politics; and unless we are widely mistaken, may convince him that, however much of a Democrat he may have been, or continues to be, he does not belong to the class who, like the Chicago *Times*, use the name of Democracy as a cloak for treason.

## LEE'S LOSSES.

The Baltimore *American* says:

"Surgeon General Hammond, of the United States army, upon unquestionable authority, reports the following casualties of General Lee's army at Gettysburg: Left behind 11,000 wounded, 5,000 wounded taken away by him, 5,000 buried by the Federals, and 17,000 taken prisoners; captured at Falling Waters, of General Pettigrew's command 1,000 prisoners and 4,000 killed and wounded—making an aggregate of 42,600 of Lee's army.

"General Hammond reports further that only six rebel surgeons were left behind at Gettysburg, and, with one or two exceptions, manifested the utmost indifference as to the condition of their wounded, nor did they leave any medical stores on the field. This fact should be contrasted with the battle at Chancellorsville, where Lee received medical stores and surgeons from the Federals, who took good care of their wounded."

INHUMANITY OF REBEL SURGEONS.—The infamy and cowardice of the rebel surgeons in deserting the men of their army wounded at the battle of Gettysburg is without parallel in the war. In every battle in which fortune has been adverse to our arms, and our wounded have been temporarily left within the rebel lines, the brave and self-denying surgeons of the regiments have either remained with the fallen, or have immediately applied for passes within the rebel lines, that they might be cared for. But the rebels left lying on the field many thousands of their wounded, Dr. Vellum reports the number at ten thousand, and left with them neither surgeons, stores, nor nurses, but literally abandoned them to their fate. These men complained bitterly of the cruelty of their surgeons in thus forsaking them, but bore up patiently under their sufferings for many days, until they could be attended to by some of our own surgeons, most of whom had at once to hasten forward with their own regiments to other fields.

We published yesterday a thrilling letter from the battle-field, written on Thursday last, six days after the close of the contest, which stated that there were hundreds of the rebel wounded not then reached—that hundreds of them it had been found impossible even to cover, and they lay in the woods with broken limbs and torn bodies, drenched in the rain, some having been even drowned in the floods which rose around them. Of course everything possible was being done for them, and doctors, wound-dressers and nurses were arriving. We were not prepared for and could not have foreseen, the flight of all the rebel surgeons. It will long be remembered to their disgrace, both by the unfortunate rebels and by the whole country.—*N. Y. Times.*

## A LETTER FROM GEN. LOGAN.

A patriotic letter addressed to the authoress of the following spirited poem by the distinguished Western soldier, Major General Logan, is published in the *Missouri Democrat*. A portion of the song is in memory of Douglas, of whom Logan, while in Congress, was so earnest a friend and follower:

"DON'T FEAR DEATH, MEN, FEAR ONLY DISHONOR."

*Rallying Charge of Brig. Gen. John A. Logan, of Illinois, to His Men at the Battle of Fort Donelson.*

From Donelson's stern sentinel heights,
For our country—God's blessing upon her—
Rings out Logan's brave rallying cry,
"Don't fear death, men, fear only dishonor!"
Charge bravely for Douglas to-day,
Where "patriots and traitors" are meeting;
The dead, he shall win the proud field,
While we shout a victorious greeting.

Remember the Land of the West—
[illegible] toward the sun's golden setting
That the hearts which have fired us the best
May have naught for reproach or regretting!
Strike home for our banner to-day—
For our country—God's blessing upon her!
For the blood baptized flag of the free,
"Don't fear death, men, fear only dishonor!"

Brave words of a brave, loyal heart,
Fair spotlight for death's frowning portal!
Embalm them, O, realms grand,
In the patriot beauty immortal!
Ring out that brave rallying cry—
For our country—God's blessing upon her!
For the blood baptized flag of the free—
"Don't fear death, men, fear only dishonor!"

ROSEBATH, KY., April 21, 1863. M. L. M.

Subjoined is the letter of General Logan:

HEADQUARTERS 3D DIVISION, 17TH ARMY CORPS,
NEAR VICKSBURG, MISS., June 29, 1863.

*Mrs. Mary R. A. McAboy, Paris, Ky.*

RESPECTED MADAM: Through the kindness of our mutual friend, Lieutenant C. H. Dickey, I am placed in possession of what you please to call a little poem, the subject matter of which appears to be a rallying cry addressed by myself to the brave men I had the honor to command in the ever-memorable battle of Fort Donelson. The words of cheer addressed upon that occasion to men of iron will, determination and courage, unexampled in any history, are still fresh within my recollection, although I had no idea that for such an admonition, so distinguished an honor would be conferred upon me as to make it a subject for so beautiful and expressive a poem. Whilst I am unwilling of myself to claim the compliment bestowed, as due me for any special or meritorious services I may have rendered the country, you will permit me, madam, to say that there is an import in the *actual language* used, of remarkable and important significance. The word dishonor, in its real meaning, whether employed in a national or individual sense, comprises, to so great an extent, the stern principles of justice, right, and duty, as of itself to form almost an exhaustless subject of inquiry. To succeed in attaining a position of national security, to secure the confidence of those who are eminent for their social refinement or moral culture, to represent properly a people who constitute the purest of human governments, it is imperatively necessary that a strict regard should be paid to all the duties imposed upon the citizen towards the sovereign power to which allegiance is due. To render moral or mutual aid to those who would seek its destruction is eternal infamy. To rush manfully to its rescue when assailed by domestic or foreign enemies, is an obligation inherent in the human heart, to perform which, thousands to-day are offering their lives as a testimonial of their fidelity to principle. Your allusion to the departed Douglas, that although dead, "he shall win the proud field," is a happy thought. Regarding his loss at so inauspicious a period as a national calamity, I heartily concur in the opinion expressed that the influence of his noble example animates our brave men, and will continue to lead them onward to renewed victory. His dying injunction to his children to support the Constitution and obey the laws; his manly declarations that there can be only "patriots and traitors" in this unnatural contest, so shaped and controlled public opinion as to place beyond all human contingency the final overthrow of the conspirators and their allies. Acting under such profound advice, we are still bearing aloft "the blood baptized flag of the free," pointing to it with pride in its victorious flight as a symbol of power, a shield of protection, and an emblem of peace. Allow me, madam, after expressing my appreciation for so striking a proof of loyalty, emanating as it does from a resident of a slaveholding State, to hope that at no early day the clouds of war may be dispersed by the sun of a perpetual peace and prosperity—not a peace patched up by an *ignoble compromise*, but a quietude made lasting because it proceeds from that consciousness of quiet which will yet compel the insurgents to submit unconditionally to the authority of the Government.

## OUR ARMY IN VICKSBURG.

A correspondent in Grant's army describes at length the entrée of the national troops into Vicksburg. From this account we extract the following interesting paragraphs:

HOW THE REBELS APPEARED.

All intercourse between the two armies was prohibited until the final act of surrender was consummated, but by the courtesy of General Leggett, who had command of the ceremonies on our side, your correspondent was permitted to pass our pickets and get among the rabs before our army passed in, and thus see how they endured the final pangs; and he must be faithful to the truth by saying that the rebels seemed to lay down their arms very much as though they were glad to get rid of them—very much like Christian getting loosed from his burden. He could not discern even the faintest ray of that proud regret at not having been permitted to die in the last ditch, which Southern assumption would have led him to look for. In fact, I noticed one company which marched out at a quick march and marched back at the double quick, kicking up their heels, and generally enjoying the occasion as much as any of the "Yanks." And this was not a Tennessee, but a Mississippi company; not a Union man among them, but every one of them heartily tired of the siege, and tired, I think, of the war.

PLANTING THE STARS AND STRIPES.

As soon as the ceremony of stacking arms was over, Gen. McPherson simply attended by his division Generals and staff, rode into the city, and took formal possession. No demonstrations of an insulting character were made by the citizens, as is usually the case when victorious armies enter conquered rebel towns. I have heard of but one instance of this kind occurring during the whole day, which I will mention hereafter. Gen McPherson proceeded to the Court House, and Col. Coolbaugh and Lieut. Col. Strong, of his staff, went up, and at half past eleven planted the Stars and Stripes on the cupola of the building, gave three cheers, which were heartily repeated by the officers below and then sang "The Battle Cry of Freedom." All of which was listened to with due (outward) respect by the dumb crowd of gaping secesh who witnessed the scene.

PEMBERTON'S IDEAS OF OUR FIGHTING.

The conference was conducted with good feeling, and General Pemberton was rather disposed to be agreeable to the point of facetiousness. He freely criticised the manner in which we had fought, and made this remark: "Grant, you haven't but one division in your army that will fight worth a d—n, and that is this one," pointing to the front covering Logan's division. Perhaps I ought not to give this, as it might convey an invidious distinction; but I mention it merely to show that the rebels felt the loss of High Hill Fort, which was in Logan's front, seriously. If the men of the chivalrous and soldierly John E. Smith, or of the persevering and intrepid Ransom, or any others, of the right or of the left, had been placed where Logan's men were, they would have done just as well.

AN IRON MINE AT VICKSBURG.

Vicksburg, or that portion of land enclosed by the fortifications, is almost literally a bed of iron. Pieces of mortar shells and shots of various sizes and shapes, some in pieces, and some not, solid shot of many sizes, all in conglomerate mass, are everywhere visible.

I saw one pile of shells and solid shot of all sizes, used by our army, near the door of a fine residence a little back from the river, and estimated to be three hundred in number. The proprietor of the house informed me that they were all gathered up in and about his house. By this statement your readers can form a judgment approaching correctness of the ordeal Vicksburg has passed.

## HUMORS OF THE DRAFT.

A lady residing in Cambridge has sent three sons to the war, two of whom have been killed in battle, and the third died from sickness. A fourth son was drafted yesterday morning. It is stated that three brothers of the name of Owens were also drafted.

From the Earle Express Company five men have been taken, four of whom were drawn in Providence, R. I., and one in Boston. From Harnden's Express Company two clerks and a driver were also drafted.

Cambridge appears to have been very unlucky in drawing brothers. In addition to those we have already given, out of one family containing five brothers four of them were drawn yesterday. One of the brothers has just returned from the war disabled, and the remaining four were drawn with the Cambridge men. One printer drawn in Cambridge has a family of seven children, of whom he is the only support.

The Lowell *Courier* states that at Concord, on Thursday, thirty-six men were drafted from the town of Acton. A gentleman of that town, belonging to the first class thought he would rather enlist than stand the draft. He declared his belief that he should be "elected," and taking an early train for Boston he enlisted, and secured his bounty. His forethought in so doing was made apparent, as his name was the first one drawn.

Several members of the Boston Board of Brokers are on the list of "drafted men," and as they entered the board-room this forenoon were received with cheers. Messrs. —— Hubbard and —— Matchett were each presented with epaulettes of "ancient and antique style."

The *Advertiser* relates the following incident:

A gentleman of this city who had secured a passage to Calcutta, while on his way to the vessel in which he was to sail, purchased a paper containing lists of the drafted men. He soon perceived his own name among them, whereupon he gave up his contemplated journey and returned home.

[From the Providence Press, July 16.]

The draft has been inexorable, taking high and low, rich and poor, black and white—divines, professional men, men of leisure, mechanics, laborers; tall men and short men, fat men and lean ones, married men and single men; men of all nationalities claiming the protection of the American flag. In one instance a father and son were taken, in another, three brothers. In a boarding house of six young men five were taken. In one street but two were left.

# THE GREAT RIOT IN NEW YORK.

## Incidents and Details of the Days of Terror.

### ADDRESS OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES

In our paper of last week we gave an account of the fearful doings of the mob in New York, got up by the opponents of the Government to resist the Conscription act, and in which all the villains of every shade of crime participated—destroying life, property, &c., and committing all kinds of violence. Following we give additional particulars of the days of terror in the metropolitan city. The riot is now quelled, and business has resumed its accustomed channels. The week commencing Monday, July 13, and ending on Saturday, will be a memorable one in New York.

### THE SECOND DAY OF MOB RULE.

THE STREET SCENES.

Late in the afternoon the rioters commenced to barricade First avenue, near Eleventh street, and First avenue, near Fourteenth street. The telegraph poles, which they had torn down, were used for these barricades, together with numerous carts, which had been picked up in the adjacent streets. At Thirteenth street two street-sweeping machines, which had been captured the previous evening, were burned amid the shouts of the men, women, and boys who thronged the avenue. The especial spite the rioters had against these machines was that they were labor-saving, and to their ignorant minds thus appeared their prime enemies. The moving spirit in this riotous conduct was a man who announced himself a returned soldier, but who declared that his sympathy had been aroused for the South by the emancipation of the "niggers." He made excited speeches to crowds of people, and seemed particularly desirous of stirring up a fight with any one who should have the hardihood to combat his sentiments. He and others inveighed bitterly against grain-elevators as labor-saving machines—as inimical to the poor man, and intimated a purpose to destroy them as they had destroyed the street-sweepers. Upon the adjacent tenement houses were numbers of men, some of them armed with guns in anticipation of an attack by the soldiers. A gun store in Fifth street, near avenue A, had been broken open in the morning, and completely gutted of its contents. The mob were in a great state of fear, lest the militia should make their appearance, the false alarms of mischievous boys causing a general scampering.

TWENTIETH WARD.

At about 6 o'clock P. M. the mob had congregated in Twenty-ninth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, and attacked a building about midway of the block, because, as was alleged, "Horace Greeley boarded there." They broke in the windows and doors, and completely gutted the house, throwing into the street books and furniture, which were immediately seized upon by the crowd without, and borne away piecemeal. Soon after these acts had been consummated, a detail of about fifty soldiers and thirty policemen appeared on the ground and marched through the street, clearing it of all obstructions.

The military marched back and forth the length of the block, and were about to leave the quarter, when a rumor spread that the rioters had returned in the building and were intending to fire it. They immediately turned and marched at double quick to the place, and finding some of the rioters in the building, wheeled suddenly and fired upon them. It seems that just before firing, some policemen had rushed into the house to secure the rioters, and when the military fired two policemen were shot, one in the arm and the other in the abdomen; the wound of the latter will probably prove fatal.

Immediately after the rioters had consummated their work upon the supposed boarding-house of Horace Greeley, a cry was raised against a respectable appearing young man that he was a "*Tribune* reporter," and instantly he was set upon by the infuriated devils, who pursued, knocked him down, and beat and kicked him about the body, face, and head in such a way as to leave him nearly dead. A gentleman present interfered and succeeded in saving the young man's life. He was taken to his residence near, and it was found on examination that he had received no mortal wound.

This same mob, while in the vicinity, set upon a man against whom they had conceived some fancied antipathy, and literally pounded him to death. We were unable to obtain his name.

AN INCIDENT OF MONDAY.

Alderman McCool, in the afternoon, returned to the city from a drive in the suburbs, and was stopped up town by a crowd of men and boys, who seized the reins of his horse, and demanded to know who he was. He replied, "My name is John McCool." "McCool," echoed some of the crowd, followed by the speculative remarks of "Who the devil is McCool?" "What are you?" "What do you do?" The Alderman answered that he was the alderman of the Fifth aldermanic district. "Alderman be ——," the crowd responded; "we want something to drink." The Alderman smiled pleasantly, and, thinking discretion to be the better part of valor in his situation, searched his pockets for some money. He could only find a five-dollar bill. This he handed over to a stalwart fellow near him, and then he was permitted to proceed without further hindrance. The Alderman tells the story himself, and regards the affair as a big joke on one of the City Fathers by a deputation of the unruly municipal children.

COLONEL O'BRIEN.

The following passages in relation to the beating and hanging of Col. O'Brien are from the *Herald*.

The action of Col. O'Brien, as described by several who were within hearing distance of him during the whole time, is thus described from the commencement of the conflict: He urged on the soldiers to fire into and attack the people in all manner of ways. How true this is cannot be accurately determined with any degree of actual certainty; but the fate which he met with, as will shortly appear, is probably one of the most horrible that either history tells of or the present generation ever witnessed.

Col O'Brien, as has already been stated, was on horseback, and had the entire command of the military. It was by his orders that they fired, and also by his instrumentality, whether he be right or wrong in the matter, that the heart's blood of many an able youth was stopped in its flowings.

A HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE—A WOMAN AND CHILD KILLED.

Probably the most heartrending occurrence which one could imagine took place during this fight. Colonel O'Brien held a revolver in his hand, and was riding up and down between either line of the crowd. He, as it is stated, fired his revolver into their midst, the ball killing a woman and child, which she held in her arms. After several rounds had been fired the people began to disperse, and the police proceeded to another part of the city. Colonel O'Brien and his command, however, remained. The Colonel dismounted from his horse and walked into a drug store.

THE CROWD ATTACK COL. O'BRIEN.

Had the commander of this military force taken his departure at this time there is little doubt that his life would have been saved. But fatality had destined him for its victim and he was a doomed man. Colonel O'Brien stayed in the drug store for some few minutes; it is thought that he went in to get some refreshments. The crowd were around the door at this time. There was scarcely a word spoken, but the lowering glances of one thousand men looked down in their vengeful spirit upon him as he stood in the door. He then drew his sword and with a revolver in the other hand walked out on the sidewalk, in the very centre of the crowd. He was immediately surrounded, and one of the men came behind and striking him a heavy blow on the back of the head, staggered him. The crowd then immediately surrounded and beat him in a most shocking manner.

HE IS HUNG UP TO A LAMP-POST.

After having been terribly beaten his almost inanimate body was taken up in the strong arms of the crowd and hurried to the first lamp-post, where it was strung up by a rope. After a few minutes the body was taken down, he being still alive, and thrown like so much rubbish in the street.

THE BODY IN THE STREET—APPALLING SCENES.

The body lay in the middle of the street, within a few yards of the corner of Thirty-fourth street. Nature shudders at the appalling scenes which here took place. The body was mutilated in such a manner that it was utterly impossible to recognize it. The head was nearly one mass of gore, while the clothes were also saturated with the crimson fluid of life. A crowd of some three hundred persons wounded the prostrate figure. These men looked upon the terrible sight with the greatest coolness, and some even smiled at the ghastly object. Our reporter walked leisurely among the crowd which surrounded the body, and, in company with the rest, gazed upon the extended mass of flesh which was once the corpulent form of Colonel H. F. O'Brien. Notwithstanding the fearful process which the soldier had gone through, he was yet breathing with evident strength. The eyes were closed, but there was a very apparent twitching of the eyelids, while the lips were now and again convulsed, as if in the most intense agony.

THE BODY DRAGGED AROUND THE STREET.

After lying for somewhat of an hour in this position, several of the crowd took hold of the body by the legs, and dragged it from side to side of the street. This operation was gone through with several times, when the crowd again left the body lying in the original position.

LIFE STILL EXISTING.

Had Colonel O'Brien been a man of weak constitution, he would certainly have ceased to exist long before this time. He was, however, through life, a man of great natural strength, and this fact probably kept him breathing longer than would any other common person. The crowd remarked this, and watched his every slightest movement with the most intense anxiety. Now and then the head would be raised from the ground, while an application of a foot from one of the crowd would dash the already mangled mass again to the earth. This conduct was carried on for some time, and when our reporter left the body was still laying in the street, the last spark of existence evidently having taken flight.

RIOT AMONG THE GERMANS.

Within the boundaries of Fourteenth street to Division street, east of Bowery, in "Klein-Deutschland," the whole population was out doors, witnessing the proceedings of a mob in whose acts they took no part, except a few abused and misled Copperheads. Barricades of the poorest kind were erected on the corners of Fourteenth, Twelfth, and Tenth streets, near Tompkins Square.

The connecting link between the rioters and the Teutons, of this district, was visible by men on horseback, who appeared from time to time, giving orders to their co-tailors, by whispering into the ears of the *selected* ones what next to do. About four o'clock, the rioters burned, on the corner of Fifteenth street and First avenue, some patent street-cleaning carts, which undoubtedly were regarded as depriving rioting people of their rightful occupation.

One of the most peculiar incidents happened in Rivington street, and excited the passions of the Germans in this vicinity. It appears that the German papers, some weeks ago, offered a premium for the recovery of a young girl who had disappeared from the house of her parents. All traces of her were lost, until she was discovered as being the inmate of a house of ill fame [kept by a Mrs. Miller], No. 107 Rivington street.

The parents were duly notified, and at the head of some fifty young Teutons they ferociously attacked the house. Mrs. Miller fled, the young girl (11 years of age) was triumphantly released; then the house was plundered of all its valuables. Silver spoons, clocks, furniture of all kinds, were carried away, and finally the crowd commenced to break down the shanty of the runaway woman (Mrs. Miller) literally burning the whole building in the middle of the street.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

The city, seen from a lofty central situation, presented, as usual at night, a grand and splendid aspect, in which the unusual sights and sounds gave a mysterious and solemn interest.

Monday night the whole city was illuminated by the fierce glare of a thousand flames, but last night for the half hour preceding 9 o'clock, there was but little light left except from the cars and the street lamps, which indeed from a point of view seem constellations in a firmament beneath, lined with a most uncelestial birthplace.

At Second avenue, near Nineteenth street, the east side of the street was still aglow with the reflection from the smouldering fire on the west side. At such a height the sound of a mob could be distinctly heard for more than a mile, and the cry of the newsboys far down in the street around, seemed as plain as it ordinarily does across the street.

REBEL ROCKET SIGNALS.

On the Third avenue, from Fortieth street for a mile upward, there was a hiatus in the line of lights. Here was where the mob commenced its work, and this was a continuation of it. In the Revolution, as said Little Gavroche, in Les Miserables, street lamps are not in order. Its hiatus was ominous.

Suddenly out of this mystery of violence a rocket shot up into the sky, in three minutes another, and in three minutes more yet another. Four minutes passed and from the neighborhood of Union Square rose a large fire-balloon, a grand globe of fire, which could be seen by the Confederate bands from Norfolk to Jamaica.

The telescope was turned to a prominent star in the southern horizon. It was the City Hall clock, and it wanted ten minutes to nine. Several minutes passed without any further sign. At length the gun was fired and the bells struck for nine. In a few seconds an answering rocket sprang from the direction of northern Williamsburg, far up into the sky.

THE ATTACK ON BROOKS' CLOTHING STORE.

The police of the Third precinct, under the charge of Sergeants Finney, Rounds, Brewo, and Farrell were sent to drive the rioters from Brooks' clothing store, on the corner of Cherry and Catharine streets. [Sergeant Finney was shot in the face and sent to the hospital.] The officers surrounded the store, which was filled with men, women, and children, stealing goods and sending them in bundles to their homes. The force went in and clubbed down the thieves, sparing the women and children.

The men fell right and left, and the force succeeded in driving the villains from the store, and when they left the store, the ruffians fired about twenty shots at them; but they were poor marksmen, and did little or no injury. Great quantities of the goods had been stolen, and the store was gutted by the mob of plunderers. One thief, in his haste to make good his escape, jumped through the window, bearing the sash upon his shoulders. Many of these plunderers are well known to the police authorities.

### THE THIRD DAY OF TERROR.

Additional incidents and details of the riot on Wednesday, we take from different New York papers. The riot had moderated for awhile, but renewed its fury toward evening. In various localities it was met by the military, and the streets were raked with cannon shot, numbers falling killed and wounded.

TERRIBLE SCENE IN NINETEENTH STREET.

At about 8 o'clock, as about one hundred citizens and returned soldiers, all armed, under the command of Col. Cleveland Winslow, late of the Duryée Zouaves, were passing through Nineteenth street, near Second avenue, they were attacked by a large number of rioters. Brickbats and other missiles were hurled upon them from the housetops. One man who had followed Col. Winslow's force, and had repeatedly fired into the ranks, was shot by one of the volunteer soldiers, who stepped from the ranks, levelled his musket and fired. The man dropped, and was left lying in the street. Two howitzers were then loaded and fired into the crowd, making great havoc, and causing them to retire down First avenue. Col. Jardine, late of Hawkins' Zouaves, were severely wounded by a shot in the leg, and was taken to a house in Nineteenth street, which the crowd afterward threatened to attack and take possession of the wounded officer. By a charge made upon Colonel Winslow's force, one captain, one lieutenant, and fifteen privates of his command, were killed. Col. Winslow charged five distinct times upon the crowd. The effect of these charges were most terrible, the street was strewn with bodies, at least twenty or thirty dead and fifty wounded. As soon as the crowd dispersed, Colonel Winslow came to the Central office and reported the result of the engagement, which was the most desperate which has taken place since the commencement of the riots in the city. Capt. Ukell and Lieut. Brown were killed; Lieut. Upton and Col. Jardine were shot in the groin. Col. Winslow, as soon as the crowd was driven off, marched his men down the Second avenue to Fourteenth street, thence to Third avenue, and thence to the Seventh-regiment armory, to await further orders. He first reported to Governor Seymour, at the St. Nicholas, and was ordered by the Governor to report to General Brown, at headquarters.

General Brown, as soon as the particulars of the fight were related to him, ordered a company of regulars, two hundred men, commanded by Captains Putnam, Shelley, and Rowelle, and a large body of policemen, to the scene of the slaughter, with instructions to use every effort to procure the body of Colonel Jardine, and take it to a place of safety. The military carried two field pieces.

The regulars arrived upon the ground about 10 o'clock. An immense crowd was found waiting to give them a warm reception. The house into which Colonel Jardine was taken after he had received his wound, was surrounded by the rioters, who refused to disperse until they had contested the position with the soldiers. Captain Putnam then ordered his men to turn the howitzers upon the crowd. The pieces, two in number, were loaded with canister, and orders were at once given to fire. The artillerists then poured their death dealing volley upon the crowd, which dispersed rapidly, bearing off their killed and wounded. The soldiers now marched to the house in the cellar of which Colonel Jardine was lying, and removed the wounded man to a carriage, in which he was taken to headquarters, and afterward to the St. Nicholas, where he was attended by several physicians, who pronounced his situation extremely critical. Both of his legs were broken, and he was severely wounded by a musket ball in the body. The other wounded officers were also taken to the St. Nicholas.

AN INCIDENT.

[From the Herald.]

It appears that an officer of the army, Major Green by name, as we learn, who has faithfully served two years in the army, and is now engaged recruiting a regiment for the Government, had left his quarters to come down town. On the way he entered a public house at the corner of Third avenue and Thirtieth street, and here got into a warm discussion touching the Union and the war. While doing so, he was roughly assailed by some stablemen, who told him that he deserved to be shot, because he had brought home a nigger with him from Virginia, at the same time threatening the Major with a loaded pistol.

"God d—n you," said he, "I have a great mind to shoot you!"

"What for?" asked the Major.

"For bringing a black fellow from Virginia to make him equal with me."

The Major said he had done nothing of the kind; that the negro boy who accompanied him was his servant, who came of his own free will. The stableman said he did not care a damn about that, but would shoot the Major.

The reply was, "Shoot away, then, if you would take a man's life for that, for I am totally unarmed, and can make no defence."

"Draw your pistol," said the stableman.

"I have none," replied the Major.

"Then I will shoot you," said the other.

"Fire away," coolly answered the Major.

What would have ultimately resulted from all this it is impossible to say, for a large crowd had assembled by this time, and was growing rather restive. One Murphy, the son of a captain of that name, told the Major that he deserved to be hanged up like O'Brien for what he had done. The master of the house now interfered, and it was not without considerable difficulty that the Major was carried off without a tragic end to this threatening occurrence.

MR. ANDREWS, THE MOB LEADER.

[From the Tribune.]

The mysterious "Mr. Andrews, of Virginia," who addressed the howling mob up town on Monday, telling them that they must organize and "crush this damned Abolition draft into the dust," and offering to lead them himself, has been accepted, it seems, and throughout these three days of riot has hounded on his pack of savages to their deeds of violence. An apostle of carnage, he has marched at their head and incited them to do deeds at which the manhood of a free people should revolt. Where poor unoffending negroes were beaten dead, then hung, and their mangled corpses trodden in the mire by the feet of brutal men and women where private houses of peaceable citizens have been sacked and burned where widows and orphans have been turned almost naked into the streets, where barricades have arisen, and every infamous outrage has been perpetrated, this self-elected Virginia "gentleman" has been foremost in the fray. Mounted upon a horse, no doubt stolen from a private stable, clad in a red shirt, and brandishing a sabre, he has been a chosen leader of the pack of robbers and murderers. What debt of gratitude do the people of New York not owe to this scion of chivalry and the few associates who have imitated his boldness and malignity! How effectually have these gentlemen written their names in fire and blood in our city! If fathers, mothers, and children have been shot, their families may thank these men, who roused the fierce passions of the mob, and turned men into incarnate devils. And what redress are we to have for all these murders, arsons, burglaries, and this insurrection? If some blessed bullet does not lodge in his brain, or some trusty club crack his skull, how is "Mr. Andrews, of Virginia," to be brought to the gallows? Suppose him captured and imprisoned, who shall guard us from the mockery of a sham trial on writ of habeas corpus, and speedy acquittal by a Copperhead Judge? If we had had a commanding general possessed of energy, a Governor thoroughly loyal, and a Mayor not absolutely paralyzed with fear, this howling fiend, this emissary and spy of the rebels would have been shot at the head of his rioters on Tuesday, and this community spared the mortification of his subsequent career of crime.

### THE MOB ON THURSDAY.

From the scenes and incidents occurring on this day, we select the following:

EXODUS OF THE CONTRABANDS.

At one o'clock the garrison of the arsenal witnessed a sad and novel sight. Winding slowly along through Thirty-fourth street into Seventh avenue, headed by a strong police force, came the little colored orphans, whose asylum had been burned down on Monday night. The boys, from two and three to fifteen years of age, followed by little girls of the same ages, to the number of about two hundred each, trotted along and were halted in front of the arsenal. Then came a large number of men and women, several having babies in their arms, who had been forced to seek refuge in the adjacent station-houses from the fury of the people. They represented all shades of color from chrome yellow to ebony black. Most of them carried small bundles of clothing and light articles of furniture, all they had been able to save from the wreck of their property. One stout old woman carried in one hand a clay pipe and in the other a paper of smoking tobacco. The negroes who had sought safety under the guns of the arsenal were then taken out and ordered to join their friends outside. The crazy negro was placed on a stretcher, and four colored men hoisted him upon their shoulders. The procession was then reformed, and, headed by the police, marched back again down Thirty-fifth street to the North river. A strong detachment of Hawkins' Zouaves guarded the flanks of the procession, while a company of the 10th New York Volunteers and a squad of police closed up the rear. The colored woman who had been recently confined was allowed to remain in the arsenal, where mother and child are attended by Dr. Gilbert, and doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances. Colonel William Meyer had command of the escort, and on arriving at the pier, where a numerous crowd had followed them, he placed his men with fixed bayonets, facing the people to keep them in check, and the contrabands were all safely embarked and conveyed to Riker's Island.

THE TWENTY-FIRST WARD.

At five o'clock, a detachment of two companies of regulars, under Captain Putnam, Twelfth United States Infantry, were sent up to the support of a party of dismounted cavalry, under Colonel Mott, who had been routed by the crowd in Twenty-second street, near Third avenue. Several shots were fired by the crowd, killing a sergeant. A section of a battery from the 20th Independent accompanied the reinforcements.

When the party arrived at Gramercy park no signs of any disturbance could be seen, and the detachment proceeded down Twenty-second street towards Second avenue, but hardly had they crossed Third avenue when they saw the body of a sergeant of Davis' cavalry lying on the sidewalk. The soldiers took up the body and placed it in a carriage for conveyance to the central police office. This sergeant, it appears, had been shot from the top of the houses on the south side of the street while marching towards Third avenue, and though not killed at once, was left to die in the street by the people.

The soldiers became exasperated at this sight, and vowed deep vengeance on the perpetrators of the act. But the crowd, animated by the feeling which desperation alone can infuse, no sooner perceived the soldiers than they commenced firing upon them from every available point. The battery unlimbered and placed their pieces in position, which had the effect of driving away a number of ladies and children who crowded the stoops and windows. The crowd skedaddled into their houses, and ran in double-quick up Second avenue to the corner of Thirty-first street, where the most foolhardy induced their weaker minded fellows to make a stand. Carbines, rifles, blunderbusses, muskets, revolvers, and even the primitive sling, were brought forth by the people, and as their number had been swelled by recruits from First avenue, avenue A, and from the "Rocks" to several hundreds, a lively time was expected. A number of persons, dressed in the uniforms of volunteers, probably taken at the sacking of Captain Manierre's office, were among the people, and took a leading part in the disposition of the "rebel" force, who took position in the windows, hallways, and under the stoops of houses.

Captain Putnam gave orders to the artillery, who were under command of Lieutenant B. F. Ryers, to disperse the crowd and search the houses. The infantry at once commenced a destructive fire on the insurgents, most of whom had retreated to the housetops, and thence sent down a shower of bullets, brickbats, paving stones, and other missiles, including even articles of household furniture.

The fire of the regulars had a most fatal effect on the crowd, and almost every volley sent down a man, who, on coming in contact with the sidewalk, left parts of his brains and large pools of blood behind. Not less than ten of these men came thus down like a piece of lead.

The searching party entered the houses, and after a long chase up rickety stairs, and under beds, in closets, chimneys, &c., found twenty-four men, who were seized and turned over to the infantry.

During this operation one of the soldiers was struck on the shoulder with a heavy ice-pick. His assailant was at once pinned to the ground with the bayonet of a soldier.

During the night a detachment from the 7th, consisting of two companies, under the respective commands of Captain Clark and Lieutenant Murray, marched through the Second avenue from Fourteenth street up to Twenty-eighth street. On the route the people fired on the soldiers from windows, housetops, doors, and alleyways. The soldiers returned the fire. None of the 7th were injured. One of its members had a ball cut the back part of his uniform. The firing was of a straggling character. The citizens were concealed. In the course of the march—taking both sides—perhaps some three hundred shots were fired. It is thought that many of the citizens were wounded. Two are known to be killed, and three to be injured.

A RIOTER PUNISHED.

A negro servant, who accompanied the 152d New York Regiment to this city, was, when the regiment was at the Park Barracks last night, set upon and beaten.

Captain Hill, of the 152d, perceived the act of the principal rioter, and drawing his sword gave the assailant a blow, which, without killing him, laid bare his skull. The cowardly companions of the rioter did not wait to carry off their comrade; they took to their heels.

"ARE YOU FOR THE UNION?"—THE GARROTER'S QUESTION.

A French gentleman, whose name and address we suppress for obvious reasons, informs us that he was garroted on his way home, at about 10 o'clock on Wednesday evening, on Third avenue, near Thirty-eighth street, by several persons. One of them throttled him from behind, while another placed a carbine to his breast, and a third a pistol to his ear. One asked: "Are you for the Union?" He replied, "Yes, certainly, I am for the Union." The man said nothing more, but rifled his pockets. The people at the windows cried "shame! shame!" After a little rough handling, they left him. Then he was told from two windows that he must not say he was for the Union, but that he was a "Democratic Catholic." After a few minutes he was fired at, but was not hit, and managed to get away. He states that a number of his acquaintances, whose names he gives us, have been robbed in the same way, and some have been released on giving the answer recommended to him.

HOW THE MOB WAS ORGANIZED.

The *Commercial Advertiser's* report says that Edward McDervott, one of the rioters who was killed, according to a statement of a friend of the deceased, *was induced to join the rioters by prominent politicians, who told him that he would be sustained, that his wages, as well as those of all the rioters, would be paid, and that the draft would eventually be stopped. That those politicians organized the resistance, and promised to pay the rioters for all losses they might sustain, and that now they skulked and were not to be found.* He stated further that the whole of the facts would soon be brought to light.

THE ORDERLY IRISH CITIZENS.

The character of the Irish has suffered greatly in the public esteem in the last few days; there is already a disposition, unjust, but not unnatural under the circumstances, to confound and condemn in a body all people of Irish birth or parentage. This is wrong. We know of many instances in which Irishmen have been warm and efficient supporters of the law; in the First ward of this city the Irish porters and laborers have been formed into a guarding force, and have dispersed incipient riots, arrested a countryman of their own who was attempting to create a disturbance, and rescued one poor negro from the clutches of a mob. We are assured that there are other similar instances.

THE MOB IN SYMPATHY WITH THE REBELS.

An "Eye-witness" writes as follows to the *Tribune*:

*I know* that there has thus far been no surer passports through these mobs than the expression of sympathy with the rebels and cheers for Jeff Davis. I confess that, desperate and unscrupulous as I know the Copperheads to be, I was surprised at this discovery. But when I myself heard the rioters give three cheers for Jeff Davis, and when I heard from their own lips their wishes for his success, I could doubt no longer. On Monday I was present at the sack and firing of the houses in Lexington avenue, going through the whole mob from its extreme verge to the very front steps of these houses. There I saw a man, known to many persons as a rebel sympathizer, hand and glove with the rioters, encouraging them, in consultation with the ringleaders, and welcomed by them wherever he went. There I heard wishes expressed for the success of the rebellion, and the destruction of "the naygurs." There, a man of decent exterior and apparent intelligence exclaimed, as he saw the houses burning: "This is the most glorious sight I have ever seen; this will pay Jeff Davis for the loss of Vicksburg." On Tuesday evening I heard among the rioters, in the upper part of Third avenue, cheers for Jeff Davis; but it was dark, and I could not see the individuals who proposed or who gave them. But early on Wednesday afternoon I was in the Second avenue as a detachment of the 7th Regiment marched up to disperse the mob which had been maltreating the negroes near Twenty-seventh street. The rioters vanished from before the detachment, but closed in behind it, and began to hoot, and then to stone, and finally to fire upon it. One of these very rioters who made this attack, when the detachment had moved about a square off, called out, "Three cheers for Jeff Davis." The cheers were given, and numerously, though not very loudly, for the bayonets were too near. I stood not ten feet from the man who proposed the cheers, and [illegible] face to face with him. In ten minutes afterwards I saw the crowd which he then led stoning the Seventh's men.

INSTANCES OF COURAGE.

[From the Tribune of 17th.]

Two instances occurring this week, show what the courage of a single man may do.

The mob threatened and approached a house. The man, not its owner, nor his friend, stood on the steps as the crowd came on. The leaders rushed forward. Said this brave: "You shall enter this house only over my dead body." They stopped, hesitated, swore and retreated, leaving the house unharmed. One brave heart protected it.

A negro was pursued on Tuesday by a howling mob of thirty or forty, bent on killing him, of course, for no reason except that he was a negro. Hundreds of cowards saw it, and stirred not; lifted not voice or hand to defend him. But there was one man not a coward. He ran forward, threw his arm about the negro, faced the mob, drew his revolver, and announced: "The first man who approaches, dies." And he saved him.

Citizens who have failed to defy this mob, do not these noble actions humiliate and reproach you? When another such hour comes to you, recollect that "Desperate courage makes one a majority."

INCIDENTS.

A white gentleman (the son of a missionary), born in the East Indies, but educated in this country, said, when he saw the rioters yesterday, "I am proud of the heathen."

An Irish woman informed her mistress yesterday that she "need not expect the riot was over, for the rioters had the promise of help from the city of Baltimore, if they would only hold out a little longer."

Near Sixteenth street, a robber on horseback rode up to a house occupied by a gentleman known for his kindness to the sick and wounded soldiers. When the door was opened, he found a young lady in the house, and demanded money. She said her father was not at home, and she had no money. "But you can get it," said the thief, "and I will give you just ten minutes' time to get it." She unlocked her father's safe, and got him $40. "That will do for the present," said the thief, "but I shall call again."

In the evening a white woman, partially intoxicated, with dishevelled hair, loose-dress, and the swagger of one of the "b'hoys," appeared at the corner of Leonard street and West Broadway, and attempted to address a throng of colored women who had gathered opposite their houses. "I am a Copperhead," she exclaimed, with an oath, "and I can fight, too, by ——; who'll take me up?" No one was desirous of obliging her, and some white men took her away.

### ADDITIONAL INCIDENTS OF THE RIOT.

[From the Tribune of Saturday.]

One of the most distressing sights possible for a person to witness, is the group of about thirty colored people congregated at the corner of the arsenal on Seventh avenue, as being the only place where they feel any assurance of personal safety.

They are mostly women, and many of them old and infirm; some have been there since Monday night last, with scarcely enough to eat, and yet patiently bearing their sufferings and making no complaint, and only expressing their gratitude that they have even this poor place of safety. They have no place to lie down, but have arranged boards on the sidewalk upon which they are seated side by side, awaiting the hour of the deliverance of the city from the hands of the mob.

On Thursday night, as a company of soldiers was moving down to the fire on Twenty-seventh street, a negro, with his clothes nearly torn from his back, frantically rushed up Seventh avenue, and in his frenzy threw himself against the captain of the company, as it was marching down, with the most distressing cries.

In the darkness the captain was unable to distinguish who or what he was, or to imagine his motive or purpose, and he struck the poor fellow a blow with his sabre, inflicting a heavy wound upon his head, and felling him to the ground.

He was at once brought to the arsenal, when it was discovered that he was a raving maniac, growing out of the intense excitement which had surrounded him and the other colored population for the last three or four days, and against which he was unable to maintain his mental balance. His wounds were dressed, and during yesterday he still continued wandering about within the iron railings that surround the arsenal, utterly crazed. He was evidently a fugitive from some Southern State, as he addressed all who spoke to him as "massa."

Coroner Naumann yesterday held an inquest on the body of Wm. Henry Yates a colored man, 41 years of age, who committed suicide at the house of his employer, Mr. James Mortin, No. 228 Madison street, by first cutting his throat and then hanging himself to the cellar door by means of a small cord. The evidence went to show that deceased lived at 695 Water street; that the mob in that neighborhood were overheard by him to say they would kill him and burn his house. Yates became very much excited and remained concealed in the house till late on Wednesday night, when he ventured out and called on Mr. Mortin.

Before leaving home, however, Yates asked his wife for the razor, saying that he wanted to defend himself from the rioters in case they should attack him. After the interview with Mr. Mortin, Yates said he should proceed to the station-house, and seek protection at the hands of the police or else go to bed. The following morning he was found suspended in the cellar. Before hanging himself, the deceased had cut his throat, but finding death would not ensue from hemorrhage, he determined to end his earthly career by strangulation. He was 41 years of age, and born in Connecticut. Mr. Mortin, in whose employ he had been for the last three years, gave the deceased a good moral character, besides which he was a fine penman and an excellent accountant.

On Wednesday evening about 300 citizens assembled at the station-house, and, having armed themselves with clubs and bars of iron, volunteered to protect Harlem while the police rested from the fatigues of the two preceding days and nights, during which they so nobly periled their lives for public order. Many arrests were made by the citizens, among others, two ruffians were arrested in the act of firing a dwelling and maltreating its occupants on One-hundred-and-twenty-first street.

Justice Welsh opened court at Washington Hall, where the prisoners were arraigned, and perhaps nothing will better illustrate the teachings which have led to the recent horrors than a short extract from the testimony of one of the parties abused by the rioters. She says:

"Those men came to my house, and one of them, advancing to the table, struck it a rap with a heavy club, which he carried, and asked, 'Do you know what we come for?' She replied, 'I do not.' 'Do you know the Conscription?' 'No.' 'Well,' said the ruffian, 'I will tell you; it is to rip, and tear, and carry off niggers' property, and kill the damned niggers.'"

Facts are every day coming to light showing the unutterable fiendishness of the ruffians who have desolated and disgraced the city during the week. A funeral procession was passing down Second avenue on Tuesday last, and when near Nineteenth street it was stopped by a gang of rioters, who ordered the driver of the hearse to turn back. He expostulated with them, telling them that he had a corpse in the hearse. "Throw the corpse into the street," cried the ruffians, and suiting the action to the word, they seized the coffin, pitched it into the street, and compelled the hearse and carriage drivers to flee for their lives. The father of the deceased and one or two of his friends returned to the spot at great risk, picked up the coffin, which was lying in the gutter, and carried it to a place of safety. The corpse remained unburied till yesterday. For the sake of human nature, we would gladly be spared the pain of recording these atrocities.

Patrick McCaffrey, stage-driver of the Forty-second street line, and member of engine company No. 18, with four other humane and brave fellows, during the attack on the Colored Orphan Asylum, distinguished themselves by gathering up the little children and taking them to the Thirty-fifth-precinct station. They were followed and insulted by the mob, but continued their noble work, saying they did not believe in assaulting little children. The names of such heroic men should be kept in kind remembrance.

Many of the recent peace-breakers were employed yesterday in burying their dead, and our reporter saw on the Eighth avenue a funeral cortege, consisting of two hundred men on foot and sixty-one carriages, and learned that they followed the body of a wealthy liquor seller who lost his life at the fight on Seventh avenue. Among the mourners were many of the wounded. On the Seventh avenue workmen were yesterday replacing the telegraph poles cut down by the mob. The Twenty-second ward yesterday enjoyed a day free from excitement.

THE COLORED REFUGEES.

[From the Evening Post, Saturday.]

Last night there were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred negroes at the station house. The majority of these were women and children, many families being apparently represented only by the female portion and the "pickaninnies." These people appear remarkably calm and cheerful in their demeanor; a stranger would not think that they had passed through scenes of suffering such as few have ever been called upon to endure in a civilized land. Indeed, we doubt if any whites would be capable of bearing with such equanimity what has fallen to the lot of these poor people. But their resignation is no way allied to the calm of indifference. Conversation with them reveals a vivid conception of the trials they have passed through, and the dangers to which they are still exposed. The secret of their contented appearance must be found in the Christian resignation to misfortune and trustful hope in the future, characteristic of the African race. Their gratitude to those who have protected them is boundless; but what impressed us most forcibly was the fact that of all with whom we conversed, not one uttered a word that could be construed into anything like vindictiveness towards the authors of their troubles.

The fathers, when we saw them, grave and thoughtful, but not repining, were seated around the room, taking the comfort of their pipes, looking on at the gambols of the little ones, or helping the mothers in taking care of the still smaller buds of promise; some were gathered in groups, telling of the terrors of the past few days, and of their narrow escapes from the fury of the mob. The older women were attending, as well as the facilities of the place would admit, to the cares of their families and the duties of their "households." The younger ones were chatting gaily, but decorously, with the soldiers and policemen, who seemed troubled by no senseless superstitions on the subject of "nigger equality," but determined to make the objects of their care as comfortable and happy as the nature of the case would admit. The young women seemed bent on enjoying themselves and making a good time of it. To ease the consciences of those who are apt to be horror-struck at the thought of an exchange of courtesies between the races, we will state that we did not observe the slightest infringement of propriety or politeness on either side, nor was anything said or done that would have been incongruous at the most select party on the Fifth avenue. There was some talk of a concert, but we were not able to stay to listen to the music.

AN INTERESTING FAMILY.

The first man with whom we conversed was a gray-haired, dignified looking individual, who seemed to be verging upon his three score and ten. He said he was a carpet-shaker, and that he lived in Twenty-sixth street, between Third and Lexington avenues. His son lived with him, and had long been confined to his bed with severe illness. His family were attacked by the mob, who came and gutted the house and almost tore it down over his head. They barely succeeded in escaping with their lives. The sick son was obliged to walk, supported by his father, all the way down to the station-house, where they found a welcome refuge. We were informed that the young man was obliged to stop and rest three or four times on every block. The old man could hardly find words to express his gratitude to those who had afforded him protection. Over and over again did he speak of the kindness with which he had been treated by the officers and men since he had been at the station-house. His language was pure, correct, and natural, evidently that of a man of intelligence. He told us that his daughter-in-law stated that she had been a servant about a year ago in a family in which a man, whom she supposed from the description to be Andrews, had boarded. She represented him as a very vindictive and desperate man, and that even then he boasted of having five hundred men ready to do the work that has been so well done this week.

This interesting family, father, mother, son, wife and children, are, thanks to an overruling Providence, united under the hospitable roof given them by the city authorities, without other injury than the weariness of the long and anxious walk they were compelled to take.

A COLORED MINISTER.

The old gentleman introduced us to his minister, the pastor of the African Methodist Bethel, on Thirtieth street, a branch of the Sullivan-street African Methodist Episcopal Church. He supposed that his church was destroyed; at least, he said, the mob had threatened it, and were about to execute their purpose when he was driven away. Chased from his own home, he took refuge in the house of a friend, but was soon obliged to leave that and come here for safety. Like the first, his gratitude was unmeasured. All had been done for him that he could expect, and more. He hoped that the effect of these scenes of riot would be good, in securing, by the reaction, a better feeling for the colored people. We told him we thought his race had a hopeful future before them. "Yes," he said, "in the next world."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

In the other room we found several persons from a tenement house in Twenty-eighth street, between Second and Third avenues. This house was filled with colored people. It was attacked and sacked during the riot which raged so long in that section of the city. As far as we could learn, all the inmates succeeded in making their escape, though how they were able to do it is a marvel to us. Two of them were driven out of the back way into the yard. They first attempted to make their way through the houses behind them out into the other street, but were prevented by men who were coming in that way to hunt them up. They then turned across the lots towards Third avenue, and were obliged to leap five fences. A friendly butcher beckoned to them, and gave them shelter in the loft over his slaughter-pen.

BLACKS ESCAPING IN A HOGSHEAD.

Two negroes lived in the same house with some whites. When the mob attacked the house Thursday, one of them took refuge on the roof, and the other crouched in a corner of his room. By the kind offices of the whites, the attention of the mob was diverted from the room to which the man lay concealed, but they searched thoroughly the rest of the house and the cellars during the night. One of the negroes said he could see the lights moving around all night. The mob did not cease their search till four or five o'clock in the morning. At length the negroes were rescued by a butcher's boy residing in the neighborhood, who came along, and *barrelled them up in a hogshead* on his cart, and thus conveyed them to the station-house.

A STATEMENT.

A woman told us that the mob came to the house in which she resided, along with some widows—washerwomen. They pleaded earnestly to be let alone—that they were poor, inoffensive, helpless widows. The reply was, "damn you, we will thunder you down," and a dash at the house and furniture. The woman implored them that they would, at least, not injure one infirm old woman in the house. The rioters agreed that in consideration of her infirmity they would spare her. "But," said the woman, "her windows and furniture were destroyed along with those of the rest of us."

THE CAUSE OF THE MALTREATED NEGROES.

Many of the lawyers of this city and Brooklyn intend to offer their services gratuitously to the robbed and maltreated colored people who have lost their property by the attacks of the mob. These poor people have a right to claim redress from the country for all damages sustained at the hands of the rioters, but most of them have no means of presenting these claims in a legal form. The movement among the lawyers is extremely praiseworthy, and the example should be followed generally.

We are authorized to state that Judge Birdseye, of Brooklyn, whose office is at No. 170 Broadway, in this city, will undertake any of these claims on behalf of the suffering colored people, without fee.

THE RIOTERS.

Some of the women engaged in the mob of this week emulated the rougher sex in brutality. A gentleman living in the neighborhood where the incident occurred relates the following: In the Seventh avenue, just above Fortieth street, three of the provost guard had fallen behind the rest. They were set upon and beat to the earth. Two women came up, seized the bayonet belonging to one of the men, and taking it from the musket in their hands, stabbed him again and again with their united strength, mangling the body terribly.

Another anecdote shows the great caution of the rioters. A loyal man in Twenty-fifth street heard them discussing the expediency of attacking the office of the *Evening Post*. "Do not go there," said one of them, "it will be dangerous. They have plenty of boiling water from their engine, and a hose which they can turn in any direction from their building, so that with one sweep they might scald five thousand men." "We shall not meddle with the newspaper offices," said another in the same group, "they are too well defended."

THE WAY TO DISPOSE OF ROBBERS.

Yesterday morning the early train by the Hudson River railroad brought to the city a resident of Sing Sing, who came to the city on business with Major General Sandford. On arriving at the Thirtieth street depot he proceeded down town to purchase a military coat. Having done this, he walked towards the Seventh-avenue arsenal, where he had learned the General was from the reports in the newspapers.

On the corner of Twentieth street he was accosted by three ruffians, who ordered him to give up his pocket book and valuables. He, with apparent intention of complying with the demand, put his hand into his pocket and instantly pulled out a revolver, cocked, and in an instant had shot one man, who fell dead at his feet, while the second, by another shot, was wounded so badly that he fell, and the third, seeing the determined manner of the gentleman, took to his heels, followed by two bullets, neither of which, however, took effect.

### ADDRESS OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

[From the New York Times of Saturday.]

At precisely 2 o'clock yesterday, the Archbishop, clad in purple robes, and decked with the insignia of his position, stepped upon the balcony. His appearance was the signal for immediate, enthusiastic, and prolonged applause, after courteously acknowledging which he sat down, apparently overcome by his emotions, the heat, and his severe physical infirmities. For some moments the scene was profoundly impressive. Upon the little balcony, clad in the vestments of clerical rank and power, and surrounded by Very Reverends of high degree and station, sat the man before whose uplifted fingers thousands have bent the knee, and in the street with open eyes and mouths stood in absolute silence a vast multitude whose deeds during the week have made the city tremble and put to the blush the worst days and scenes of revolutionary Europe, waiting anxiously for the word of encouragement, of advice, or of rebuke, which was soon to come, while upon a neighboring balcony sat one of the highest of our judicial functionaries, prepared to applaud the one as he had already somewhat publicly defended the others. Having partaken of some slight refreshment, the venerable priest arose, and removing his cap, bowed courteously to the crowd, while upon the instant every man in the vast assemblage took off his hat, and the united voice of the upturned faces made the city for squares around resound with hearty greeting and pious applause. Silence having been restored, the Archbishop spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

MEN OF NEW YORK: They call you rioters, and I cannot see a riotous face among you. [Cheers.] I call you men of New York, not gentlemen, because gentlemen is so threadbare a term that it means nothing positive. [Applause.] Give me men, and I know of my own knowledge, that if this city were invaded by a British, or any other foreign Power [laughter], the delicate ladies of New York, with lorgnettes at their breasts, would look for their protection to men, rather than to gentlemen. [Applause.] Of course, there is no reason why you should not be gentlemen, for there is no real difference between these terms. [Applause.] I address you of my own choice; and I would do so if I had to go on crutches. No one has prompted me to do it. My lungs are stronger than my limbs. It gratifies me that you have met in peace and good order here at this time. This, however, does not surprise me—it is what I expected. I do not address you as the President [laughter,] or the Governor, or the Mayor, or a military officer. I address you as your father. [Cheers.] [Voice—"You are worth the whole of them."] And I am not going to go into the question, what has brought about this unhappy state of things. It is not my business to do so, but as far as I am concerned myself, you know that I am a minister of God, and a minister of peace, who, in your troubles in years past, as you know, never deserted you. [Cheers, and cries of "No, never!"] With my tongue and my pen I have stood by you always, and so shall I to the end of my life, so long as you are right, and I sincerely hope that you are not wrong. [Cheers.] I am not a runaway bishop in times of danger. [A voice—"No, you're not like Beecher."] It has been, perhaps, a calamity, but I do not regret it, that I never was conscious of the sentiment of fear until the danger was over, and then, sometimes I might perhaps get a little nervous. [Cheers.] I could not, even in the best of causes, as you know, fight for you. The course of nature has denied me that privilege, but I can still stand by you. I can still advise you, and, if necessary, I can die with you. [Great cheering.] As I said before, I will not enter into the question which has provoked all this excitement. No doubt there are some real grievances, but still I think there are many imaginary ones—because, in this world, everything is comparative in its nature. There are no people in the world that have not some cause of grievance, and there are few that have not greater cause for complaint than we can complain of after all. [Cheers.] Everything is comparative and a change is not always an improvement. When I cast my thoughts back to the land of my forefathers, and when I think of its desolation, when I see the fertile west and south of Ireland depopulated and cattle browsing on the ruins of the villages of the noble race that once lived there, I thank God that I was permitted to be among those who had an opportunity of coming to this country, where at least no such wretched tyranny is practised. [Great sorrowing]. If you are Irishmen, and the papers say the rioters are all Irishmen, then I also am an Irishman, [applause] but not a rioter, for I am a man of peace. If you are Catholics, as they have said, probably to wound my feelings, then I also am a Catholic. [Cheers.] I know that men are sometimes liable to get excited from an apprehension of danger, and I myself, as your Bishop, have had my own troubles and my persecutions, but I think it is the best policy to bear evils patiently, the more especially when they are merely temporary and will soon pass away. I agree with the poet, that it is far better for us to bear our little inconveniences here than to rush into evils we know not of. In Europe, where most of the countries are despotic—yes, even in England, [groans] where they have a Constitution, they are none the less despotic—and a ruler is a ruler by right, whether he be a fool or a wise man, and must occupy the throne while he lives. There is no relief there for an oppressed people, except in revolution. Revolution in any country is a desperate state, and I know of no country where it could be in worse taste than here. In this country the Constitution gives the right to the people to make a revolution every four years. [Cheers.] But it is a different kind of a revolution. The battles of our revolutions are not battles of blood and violence, nor are the bullets bullets of lead. You know what they do. They are paper bullets. Were you ever in Rome walking on the Corso during the Carnival? The people throw bullets—pellets of flour, and perhaps gilded, at each other. But in this country the Government is a foundation not to be destroyed. It is the right of the people every four years to correct or amend, as the printers say, the superstructure. We have the right to approve or disapprove the acts of our rulers, but not to override them. But let us preserve the foundation, and let the American people rebuild the superstructure every four years. If you take away the foundation, what have you, what have I, to cling to? What should we have remaining in the form of human government? I am too old now to seek another home or country, and I shall cling to the old foundation. I want the housekeepers to mind. [A Voice—"And let the niggers keep South."] Everything is in the hands of the supreme people of the United States, and the majority of them, whether they make a blunder or not, I am willing to be governed by. Now, gentlemen, [laughter,] I am nearly done. There is one thing, however, I must say. I wish to ask you a question, and I wish you to answer it, and if I should ask your counsel on another point I know you will give it to me. ["We will, we will."] Are you willing that I should give you a word of advice? [Cries of "Yes, yes," and cheers.] I have not scolded you, and I hope you do not deserve it. I repeat what I said before, that I have not seen in this vast audience a countenance which I could call the countenance of a rioter. ["That's so."] Then, is this business to go on? Should not every man, in his own modest way, become a preserver of the peace? I am told in the papers that not a little property has been destroyed. I remember the anecdote of a lady who said to her child: "Come, my darling; come with me to church." The child answered, "What's the use, mamma." Well, that was a child's answer, and I hope he has seen the folly of it, if he has grown up; but now if property is destroyed, what is the use? It must be paid for by you and by me. No, no; but if property is lost it can be repaired or restored. But who can bring back an immortal soul? In the case of a violent and unjust assault on you without provocation, my notion is that every man has a right to defend his house or his shanty at the risk of his life. [Cheers.] The cause, however, must be just. It must not be aggressive, not offensive. Do you want my advice? ["Yes."] I have been hurt by the reports that you are rioters. You cannot imagine that I could hear these things without being pained grievously. Is there not some way by which you can stop these proceedings, and support the laws, of which none have been enacted against you as Irishmen and Catholics? You have suffered enough already. No Government can stand or protect itself unless it protects its citizens. Military force will be let loose on you, and you know what that is. The innocent will be shot down, and the guilty likely to escape. Would it not be better for you to retire quietly? not to give up your principles or convictions, [immense cheers,] but to keep out of the crowd where immortal souls are launched into eternity, and at all events get into no trouble till you are at home. Would it not be better? There is one thing in which I would ask your advice. When these so-called riots are over, and the blame is justly laid on Irish Catholics, I wish you to tell me in what country I could claim to be born. [Voices, "Ireland."]

Yes, but what shall I say if these stories be true? Ireland, that never committed a single act of cruelty until she was oppressed; Ireland, that has been the mother of heroes and poets, but never the mother of cowards. [Great applause.] When the first apostle, St. Patrick, went to Ireland, he was preceded by Polladorus, and they listened to him as you now patiently listen to me. The soil of Ireland was never soiled by a single drop of martyr's blood. It would touch me deeply to have to reverse that record. Perhaps you consider this a touch of blarney, but I assure you it is the truth. [Cries of "It is, God bless you."] The delicacy of feeling in Ireland is very great. You know that Ireland sometimes produces idiots, not many of them, however, [laughter,] but the delicacy of the people is such that they call them "innocents," and not idiots. Well, once there was a poor child in this way, and you know these people are not accountable for what they do, and he was very fond of raw eggs, which he took and ate on all occasions. Sometimes they were not so fresh as they might be, [laughter;] and one time, as he was swallowing his favorite beverage, he heard a chicken squeak in his throat. "Ah, my dear fellow," said he, "I am very sorry, but you spoke too late," and down it went. But, as I said before, there are very few of that sort in Ireland. Oh! my friends, what a scene rises before me as I think of that land of my nativity, and as I glance at the long list of noble men who are exiled from their homes—such men as Field-Marshal Nugent, whom I knew intimately, and the O'Donnells of Spain; when I know that most of the colleges have been established by the sons of Ireland; when I know that in later days the blood of your brothers have filled the fields of the Crimea and Balaklava, and at Delhi, in India; when I think of the Government which has persecuted them, leaving nothing for them but the United States, when I think of this, I do not envy the policy of John Bull, which replaces a noble population by a set of fat bullocks. [Laughter.] I took upon myself to say that you should not be molested in paying me a visit. [Cheers.] I thank you for your kindness (applause), and I hope nothing will occur till you return home; and if by chance, as you go thither, you should meet a police officer, or a military man, why just——*look at him*. [Tremendous laughter and applause.]

The crowd cheered vociferously, and demanded the presence of the Archbishop again upon the balcony. He gratified them, bowed his thanks, and returned to his parlor, quite exhausted and greatly fatigued by the long standing and excitement.

After a while the crowd slowly dispersed, arguing among themselves as to what the Archbishop meant to have them do, some insisting that he refused to recognize them as rioters, and therefore they had done right; while others insisted that the venerable and suffering priest intended to convey to them the wish that they should return to their homes and their work, and take things as they found them in their naturalized country—the land popularly supposed to be only the "home of the brave, and the land of the free."

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### ORIGINATORS OF RIOT.

The New York *Herald*, shortly before the outbreak, said: "The speech of Chauncey C. Burr, and his reception at the meeting in the Twentieth ward on Thursday evening, are calculated to stir up a mob-like spirit in this city. If Mr Burr is not careful *he will raise a storm that will terminate in insurrection, and bloody scenes in this city.* When this mob-spirit is once started no person can tell where it will end, or who will be sacrificed by its vengeance. While Mr. Burr *poured out his invective, counseled resistance to our national authorities, and appealed to the beastly passions of the assemblage*, he still declared himself a Democrat, and would have us understand that he is one of the leaders. But his speech was anything but Democratic in tone, and shows great lack of statesmanship in the leaders of the Democratic party in the city in allowing such blustering men as Burr to assume to set themselves up as leaders of the party in a crisis like the present."

Mr. Burr uttered these infamous sentences:

"Congress has passed an act of conscription, but the acts of Congress are not necessarily laws. This act is very simple. It is merely a highwayman's call on every American citizen for '$300 or your life.' [Laughter and applause.] For one, I have no $300, but I have a life, and, if it goes, it shall go in defence of the kind of liberty that my fathers established. [Cheers.] * * * Why, it is by your clemency that Abe Lincoln and all his satraps were not upon the gallows eighteen months ago. [Applause.] Why, the old booby thought he was a king. Jeff Davis has never done nothing half as bad as Lincoln. He has not illegally imprisoned you, taken away your right of habeas corpus, and trampled upon the Constitution. Governor Seymour said of Abraham Lincoln that he had been guilty of attempting to establish a military despotism, and the penalty of this crime, by the laws of this country, is death. ["He ought to be dead," "Hang him," &c.]

It is unnecessary to name those who who have uttered the same atrocious and treasonable sentiments. The mob have taken these men at their word.

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SOCIAL REFORMS IN FRANCE.—The *Patrie* says a decree of the Emperor, dated June 22, proclaims entire freedom in the baking trade of Paris from the month of September next. No limit is to be placed to the number of bakers, and all absolute restrictions are to be replaced by control sufficient to insure fairness in weight of bread and excellence of quality. The *Patrie* also, in an article signed M. Limarse, asserts that the new Minister of Public Works will undertake the task of establishing a complete network of internal navigation throughout the country, the use of which, as of the roads, is to be based upon the principle of entire freedom of transit without tolls.

Forney's War Press.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

## TREASON IN PHILADELPHIA!

In this city, recently, changes of complaint, expulsion the United States, and persons with rebels, and high treason, were preferred against these men, and tried during the past week, before U. S. Commissioner S. D. Sayen, which have had not singularity interesting and very important results. Secret paper interference with cases undertaken by the law we hold to be generally improper, but the evidence that has already been given so conclusively establishes the necessity which exists in the North, that we do not hesitate to fix the attention of the public upon the startling facts. The charges rest upon the testimony of two United States detectives, who, with remarkable skill and perfidelity, obtained the confidence of the persons accused, and were admitted to a knowledge of the entire conspiracy. They found these persons engaged in a contraband trade, sending information to the rebel authorities, and planning a practical expedition from the port of New York for the destruction of American vessels. A Captain Dukenet secured the detectives that his chief object was not money, but to do all possible good to the rebellion, consistently with his Government. His confederates in treason appear to have been governed chiefly by sordid motives. They not without strong sympathies with the rebellion. Interesting as the case is in itself, it possesses the paramountness of a sectional southern feature, and might well be wrought into a tropical story—it has deeper interest as it indicates that the contraband in loyalty of the North is no isolated, huge and more dangerous than the people are willing to admit. This is his one instance of extended conception, but how many more have been successfully hidden? It is in vain to hope to suppose that "murder will out;" on the contrary, it is probable that, for every murder discovered, another remains unsuspected. The detection of this conspiracy should convince us that other conspiracies equally dangerous exist undetected, and every loyal citizen should use the discovery with all his power in bringing the guilty to punishment.

Among the letters to persons in the rebel States, secured by the detectives, was one of real which implores prominent peace men, of Philadelphia. One of these letters is from Professor Dawson, of the Jefferson Medical College, who writes to his Southern friend, "the cry in the streets of all the Old Vicksburg is falling me to inches." We think that this exposure of his intimacy with and the additional exposure which is sure to follow, should kill him yet more rapidly. Though the letter was not filly read in court, we have the authority of the District Attorney for stating that it contained important information, intended for the rebel authorities. What can be thought of the man who, occupying a responsible position in a college of a loyal city, furnishes intelligence to the low rank of a spy? What excuse can he offer for his treason? Ignorance is most that can be claimed, that a diseased conscientiousness attached him to the rebel ism, that misfortune cannot absolve him from the charge of hypocrisy. Certainly, he held his professorship and his position as a citizen only upon understood terms of loyalty to the Government; openly he acted so, and did not, expect the sentiments he cherished. Undoubtedly he promised the public to believe him loyal, while secretly he sent treasonable information to the enemy, and complained that the national success was now killing him by inches. Professor Dawson is a very unprincipled man, indeed, and we are not surprised that Mr. Vandyke, counsel for the defence in the case, should have wondered he was not arrested. Other professors, doubtless, have profound reason to dread the reading of the letters in the possession of the District Attorney. In fact, their chief importance may be inferred from the fact that the defendants wished the hearing on the charge of high treason, because the hearing involved the reading of the letters, and prejudiced the case initial to that publication. The public interest demanded that when the trial is resumed these letters shall be read, and their writers held to the strictest account of the law.

## ENCOURAGING TRUTHS FOR THE DRAFTED.

The fact that, under the terms of the Conscription Act, men are to be drafted for three years, has consequently given rise to a look with apprehension upon the probability of a prolonged separation from their homes and an indefinite series of campaigns. This apprehension would be decidedly quelched, if they would understand that the probabilities are in favor of a more agreeable result. There is but one hope to believe that the war is rapidly approaching a termination of close; for the victories recently obtained are so decisive and terrible that the rebellion can receive no more aid from one month, at the lowest estimate, seventy five thousand men were lost to the Southern armies—seventy five thousands men who can not be replaced. The debris of the army of Lee has destroyed all its effective power and, more than this, on weakened its spirit and numbers, that it cannot be regarded upon for defence. Its flight into Virginia was a confession of inferiority and fear, and the victory we have gained in most result in the capture of Richmond before the end of autumn, at the farthest. That the victories of Vicksburg and Port Hudson will shorten the war we know. Every rebel newspaper of influence has repeatedly declared that the capture of these places, by the Federal armies, would be the greatest of misfortunes to the South. Jefferson Davis himself, in a speech before the legislature of Mississippi, which he must now bitterly regret having made, earnestly pointed out their paramount importance, and emphatically assured the people that the loss of these points was the ruin of the rebellion. The words of warning he then uttered have often been quoted, yet they cannot be too carefully studied. Alexander Dumas said: "Vicksburg and Port Hudson are the real points of attack. Every effort will be made to capture these places, with the object of forming the outlet of the Mississippi, of cutting off our communications with the trans Mississippi Department, and of severing the waters from the eastern portion of the Confederacy. Let, then, all who have at heart the safety of the country, at once rally to the Vicksburg and Port Hudson; let them go for such length of time as they can assist—for thirty, or sixty, or ninety days. Let them assist in preserving the Mississippi river, that great artery of the country, and thus conduce, more than in any other way, to the perpetuation of the Confederacy." Let the importance of Vicksburg and Port Hudson are points that need no defended, and every effort must be exercised for the purpose. *The Confederacy must stand or fall by the defence of the river.* The defence of the river could not be maintained, and all the disasters which the leader of the rebellion predicted would follow the failure to maintain it, now meet, with fearful approval. The fate of our enemies has thus confessed that the fate of the great conspiracy against the country is sealed. But our knowledge of the importance of these victories should not depend upon the confession of the arch traitor; his opinion surely evidences a self-evident truth which needs no confirmation.

Everything indicates short and decisive war. The attack of Lee upon Pennsylvania, the capture of the city, that success will be the strongest proof that the rebellion is culminated; and even if it fails, the failure will not encourage the rebels. The capture or possession of the Mississippi is sufficient proof of our immense superiority of strength, and the Southern people can see the enemy regain the position he has lost. The great victory which the North has gained in all the mere preponderance of numbers, overwhelmingly superior to the South in the field, in the navies, and in the resources of war. The rebellion and will inevitably end the war long before the three years' draft can be filled, or called, are passed. Then for, very clearness of the situation, we do not believe that the conscription will be extended to the utmost limit, and the South stands before us to-day in the attitude of an exhausted foe. The end is in sight, though will be as rapid as we fear. It may be, we have very good reason to hope that it will be before this year is ended, all around us, the union will be restored, and the men who are drafted under the act now being enforced have, at the very least, no reason to expect three years of military service. When that law was enacted, the action did not meet always of the people. Fears of hope and victorious successes upon which the rebellion relied for its success, were glowing, and though Congress authorized the call right in being three years of service and enrolment, we doubt if it would have call out the national force for so long a period to quell them now. We may regret that Lee escaped annihilation at Gettysburg, we may fear that two weeks ago the thunder of his guns carried terror to the very borders of Pennsylvania, and that now he is falling back upon the Potomac, but we may regard the sacrifice of his country for the full turn, but it is not to be doubted that, within a few days before the three years are ended, the men who are now called by a draft will be free to return to their homes, and not just less than a year's service. The common interests of all will secure from a victorious campaign, crowned with the success of the establishment of a true soldier, and welcomed with the gratitude of a nation.

## PROPHECIES UNFULFILLED.

"To those Americans who have not wholly lost their faith in the virtue of the people, the vengeance all loathe and all sympathy in what was once their great and united country. The anniversary of the fourth of July must be an event fraught with inexpressible bitterness." It is that there should be those Americans on elaborate lamentation over the ruin of the country, and sympathy with the British lion in international agony over the misfortunes of the South. The occasion of all this grief in the *Times* is the recurrence of the 4th of July—the poor Fourth of July—which, of all days in the year, has suffered most from the speeches of unreasonable enthusiasts. Last year the *Times* was in agonies on the fact that the *Times* in 1863 silenced. The great campaign, after describing the anniversary as "a day set aside by America for the celebration of national vanity," and referring to the highly imaginative picture of the usual manner of its celebration, bursts into tears over the present condition of affairs to which the festivities is it likely to be celebrated? What is America doing to-day? How it is? Is it celebrating the annual festival which she conceives to her own glories? Is she rejoicing over the reduction of all the rest of mankind? These questions are answered by a long string of lugubrious sentences, congruent of the rebel invasion, and a brief sketch of the North as a land of gloom as among whom sex has done everything in its power to deter from the pursuit of happiness, reason and moderation." This style of question and answer is not very creditable to the intelligence of the writer, or to the world with authentic information. If the *Times*, like Mr. Micawber, "waits for something to imagine "what is truth?" It ought to avoid the reputation of wantonly misleading it by its nature. In cousin papers, when a consultation is published, a very important fact is the answer is announced, but this journal asks, and replies to, questions of exceedingly importance to our readers and to the pen. It might at least have waited ten days for a reply.

Mercy, defeat, unprecedented evil, ruin, a day of humiliation, "such is the picture of the *Times*. "to the present Fourth of July." Such would have been our own words had we been a great battle was raging, which, before they were published, resulted in the irretrievable defeat of the enemy into whose power was entrusted the dangerous task of making their statement good. On the very day on which these words were given to the world, the great stronghold of the rebellion, the Gibraltar of the West, had been unconditionally surrendered to our besieging armies. On that very day, which the *Times* declared to be "a day of humiliation," the entire North was encouraged by one mighty passion of joy and gratitude to God for the victory His power had given. This Fourth of July of 1863 was kept by the people with a pride and enthusiasm unknown to the annals of its celebration; and, as if to show how idle are the prophecies of the foreign enemies of American liberty, the anniversary of its birth was made the day from which the world shall date that triumph which insures its perpetual preservation.

## THE END APPROACHING.

The Baltimore *American*, in common with the Richmond *Enquirer*, and we feel that it but reflects the agony of the dying South. The capture of Vicksburg has struck terror to the hearts of those who expected by the rush of treason and disloyalty to overthrow the North, overwhelm the North into surrender, and establish the Confederacy before its most illicit recognition. A stunned silence and the most complete despair succeeded, and now about to conquer. In the Southwest Pennsylvania ended Grant of Vicksburg, and General Banks of the conquest of Port Hudson. Banks was raising on the heels of the recent success when the boiling Rosecrans at bay,—and Lee, with the flower of the rebel armies, invaded the loyal State of Pennsylvania. The organ of the rebellion, the *Enquirer*, in view of the evasiveness to Northern homes—and the *Enquirer* was demanding, on the part of the people, that Lee should be recalled upon the North should be seen to—and the *Enquirer* was now considered should be destroyed, and that our most valuable ally, Great Britain, was recognized as dead. We find these words in the *Enquirer*, which is the organ of the English journals. The London *Times* has no more jubilant theme than the invasion of Pennsylvania, and the most conservative newspapers of the same sentiment speak with undisguised joy of the success which has inflicted upon the people of the Northern States a calamity which they can the enemy regain the position he has lost. The great victory which the North has gained in all the mere preponderance of numbers, overwhelmingly superior to the South in the field, in the navies, and in the resources of war. The rebellion and will inevitably end the war long before the three years' draft can be filled, or called, are passed. Then for, very clearness of the situation, we do not believe that the conscription will be extended to the utmost limit, and the South stands before us to-day in the attitude of an exhausted foe. The end is in sight, though will be as rapid as we fear. It may be, we have very good reason to hope that it will be before this year is ended, all around us, the union will be restored, and the men who are drafted under the act now being enforced have, at the very least, no reason to expect three years of military service. When that law was enacted, the action did not meet always of the people. Fears of hope and victorious successes upon which the rebellion relied for its success, were glowing, and though Congress authorized the call right in being three years of service and enrolment, we doubt if it would have call out the national force for so long a period to quell them now. We may regret that Lee escaped annihilation at Gettysburg, we may fear that two weeks ago the thunder of his guns carried terror to the very borders of Pennsylvania, and that now he is falling back upon the Potomac, but we may regard the sacrifice of his country for the full turn, but it is not to be doubted that, within a few days before the three years are ended, the men who are now called by a draft will be free to return to their homes, and not just less than a year's service. The common interests of all will secure from a victorious campaign, crowned with the success of the establishment of a true soldier, and welcomed with the gratitude of a nation.

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## THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

For two thousand years the Nile has kept her mystery; rivers that flow in other elements hid not their sources more carefully than the great river between Abyssinia and Egypt then stream. The builders of the pyramids and the conquerors of Egypt sought in vain the stream upon whose banks Isis and Osiris had been worshipped, and whose waters fed the sacred of centuries, and the calculations of the Ptolemies, and the geographical researches of celestial orbs, whose light not even telescopic vision could detect, have which could not penetrate the mystery which hid the source of Adonicus river. The mystery of the Nile now will be no longer a mystery, and the veil which has also been kept it, the wonder and the beauty of the world, will be the discovery declare—

"Accidents the Thick,
Out of sight, out of mind."

The source of the Nile have ceased to be, and the revelation of their position is not the least of the many brilliant achievements of geographical exploration which distinguish the present century. It was not that the existence of an enclosure which stirred the fifteenth century, when the rebel of Columbus, "navigator" of Portugal, from the peculiar feelings with which we look upon the source of the Mississippi, and Leon, and though the discoveries of Cortez and Pizarro, and the conquests of Cortez and Montezuma, yet, in certain respects, they are scarcely less interesting to the imagination.

Captains Speke and Grant recently gave brief accounts of their discoveries before the Royal Geographical Society, in London, and were received with marked enthusiasm. The difficulties of penetrating the African interior enhance the glory of the achievement. The subterranean servant of those outlandish countries, whose marked boundaries are upon no map, seem to regard the white traveller as a species of game, represented by game laws. The daring explorers met with the most unfeeling obstacles, and were repeatedly turned back in their course, or held as prisoners, by the barbarous kings whose territories they invaded. Captain Speke has narrated some very amusing incidents of his anniversary with these by ramsied old monarchs, whose royalty would not even show them the bath and the stocks, were they once within the reach of the strong arms of Southern slaveholders. In fact, the difficulties which impede the progress of the traveller in the Dutch Indies would be a paradise of the interior tions which provoke the traveller in Christian and civilized countries to desperation and barbarism meet in the passport systems of despotic Europe. Many of the tribes who live along the borders of the Nile, having no better method of killing time, spend their lives in a chronic state of war, and the traveller who is treated well by one tribe may expect to be in the next to endure the hostility of all the others. The great difficulty of travelling in Africa therefore another proof of the detestable influences of slavery, and the chief impediment to the progress to the interests of science as well as those of morality, for Captain Speke declares that even among the most barbarous and friendly tribes he met, he found himself surrounded by a crowd of slaves, the enormities of the slave trade.

Everywhere, indeed, the curse of all obstacles, the adventurers at last reached the great lake Nyanza, which is the head of the undoubtedly flows, traversing from its source to the Mediterranean a distance of 3,500 miles. The discovery of this lake is nearly one tenth of the circumference of the earth. The Nyanza is 3,300 feet above the ocean falling from the high lands in the south. The mountains which rise on its shores are the navigability of the river, though its course is tempestuous and broken, and to which the largest discovered is but twelve feet high. The description given of the country around the lake is that of a land of great interest in very interesting, and affords ample food for speculation. Many new species are discovered a decidedly intellectual race of men, well made and active, and not negroes, and only hair, which he believes to be Caucasian. Such is the discovery of the Nile. It is important to know that there are whole tribes of Africans in which the Caucasian blood is not to be found, and the existence of the soul.

Such discoveries destroy many geographical superstitions, and afford glimpses of the mighty changes which have taken place since the creation of the earth. Though the world has gone through many changes, no commercial advantages from the knowledge so daringly exerted from this source. It would be wrong to suppose that the discovery is merely "the gratification of curiosity." It will be necessary to measure the importance of great geographical discoveries according to the hitherto invariably followed all similar victories over savage nations, and the one which we live, and the fact that the foot of a civilized white man has trodden upon the source of the great river which connects Europe and America to make merely one of the triumphs of the Christian religion, and upon the shores of the New World, he has opened the path of Africa for Christianity and Civilization.

## FRANCE AND AMERICA.

The people will be glad to know that amid all our troubles the American Government will continue to hold high ground, and that in the course of any negotiations it will call upon Powers to recognize the Southern rebellion as a belligerent power. The London *Times* will make a speedy and decisive protest to the following passage from the London *Times*, in its Paris correspondence, will show the nature of Mr. Dayton's reply to the overture of the Emperor Napoleon. It says:

"Yesterday, the 4th inst., about 2 P. M. Count Mercy d'Argenteau, the Austrian Ambassador, presented at a audience to announce the Declaration of the Emperor Maximilian to the Mexican people. It is the supplement. The Federal States of America have not yet replied to the communication of the Government of France, but it is known that with the exception of a congratulation which was addressed to the Emperor on the 14th of July, they have not answered the letter which was addressed to them subsequently. There were several leaders given to the Ambassador, and the Emperor, after receiving the Ambassador, said: "Mr. Mercy d'Argenteau, you have just read to me the letter which I have addressed to the Emperor Maximilian. I am happy to see that the Government of the United States has not answered the letter which I addressed to it. I am happy to see that the Government of the United States has not answered the letter which I addressed to it. I am happy to see that the Government of the United States has not answered the letter which I addressed to it

# THE ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.

## Our Progress on James Island—All the Forts Taken up to Secessionville.

## The Storming and Siege of Fort Wagner by General Gilmore.

### TWO-THIRDS OF MORRIS ISLAND OCCUPIED.

NEW YORK, July 18.—The advices per the Fulton state as the result of Gen. Gilmore's operations up to the morning of the 14th, that he has possession of all the batteries on Morris Island save Fort Wagner.

It is reported that our iron-clads had made a breach on the south wall of Fort Sumpter.

On the 13th, 113 wounded rebels were brought into Folly Island. Many of them stated that they were forced into the rebel service, and intend to take the oath of allegiance.

They are Germans, and will be sent North.

General Gilmore has commenced mining Fort Wagner, and the siege was progressing favorably.

General Foster had advanced along James Island, and taken all the fortifications up to Secessionville.

NEW YORK, July 18.—The following particulars have been received by the steamer Fulton:

General Gilmore, intending for some time to land his force on the southern front of Morris Island, sent for several nights a working party from Folly Island to that point, for the purpose of erecting a battery behind a cluster of thick foliage. This was effected by the brave soldiers, by landing at dusk, and working through the night, and retiring the next morning at daybreak.

Concealed by the thick wood, the rebels never knew of the existence of that battery until at a quarter before four, on the morning of the 7th inst., when they were awakened by the shells of the Federals flying into their camp.

The rebels, thus surprised, ran to their rendezvous in their shirts, and there dressed.

The shelling was kept until midday, when General Gilmore landed a force from Folly Island and drove the rebels back.

The monitors, at this time, also opened fire on the enemy, and, thus attacked from two sides, the rebels retreated, and gave our forces possession of two-thirds of Morris Island.

The monitors, on the same afternoon, commenced an attack on Fort Sumpter, and kept it up for three days. At times the effect of their heavy fire was visible. Large breaches had been made in the walls of the fort, and nearly every shot from the fleet sent up clouds of dust and sand from the shattered walls of the fortress.

On the 12th instant, General Gilmore ordered the storming of Fort Wagner by the 7th Connecticut, 9th Maine, and 47th and 48th New York Volunteers, and the two first named regiments had actually reached the top of the parapet, when a murderous fire from the enemy drove them back. The 76th Pennsylvania, which were to support the assailing party, did not come up in time, and our troops had to withdraw.

The cause of the failure of the 76th Pennsylvania is ascribed to the fact that Colonel Strawbridge and the lieutenant-colonel were in the hospital sick, and as the major was shot in both legs early in the day, the command devolved upon a captain in whom the men had no confidence, and thus faltered at the time they were wanted.

The 47th and 48th New York Regiments, and the 7th Connecticut and 9th Maine, were cut up shockingly, losing probably three hundred men in the attack.

The hostilities then ceased, and General Gilmore entrenched himself near the fort.

The fleet, however, kept up their fire against Fort Sumpter.

The following named "monitors," besides the New Ironsides and several wooden vessels, were engaged:

| | Tonnage. | Guns. |
|---|---|---|
| New Ironsides, Capt. Thomas Turner | 3,486 | 18 |
| Montauk, Capt. John S. Worden | 844 | 2 |
| Weehawken, Capt. John Rodgers | 844 | 2 |
| Nahant, Capt. John Downes | 844 | 2 |
| Catskill, Capt. G. W. Rodgers | 844 | 2 |
| Patapsco, Capt. Daniel Ammen | 844 | 2 |
| Nantucket, Capt. McN. Fairfax | 844 | 2 |

The armament of the New Ironsides is sixteen 11-inch guns and two 200-pound rifled Parrott guns. All of the monitor class have each an 11-inch and a 15-inch gun.

The 11-inch guns throw a solid shot weighing 180 pounds; the 15-inch guns a solid shot weighing 476 pounds. The total weight of metal which can be thrown at a single discharge sums up:

| | |
|---|---|
| 25 11-inch guns | 4,500 pounds. |
| 7 15-inch guns | 3,332 " |
| 2 200-pounders | 400 " |
| 34 guns | 8,232 " |

The frigate Wabash left Port Royal on the 13th for the scene of action, but the Weehawken returned at the same time to Port Royal, with three shots through her smoke-stack, and other trifling injuries.

It is believed in military circles that the city of Charleston will not be taken for some time, but that it is not impregnable to a strong combined effort of both branches of the service.

On the 15th, when the Fulton left Port Royal, no news of the evacuation of Charleston or the fall of Sumpter had reached that point, nor did the Fulton on her passage north see the signs of any conflagration in the heavens when off Charleston bar.

On the morning of the 14th Port Royal was alarmed by the report that the iron ram Palmetto State was in sight, she having evaded the blockading fleet off Charleston. Captain Lamb, of the Quartermaster's Department, immediately directed all steamers to fire up, while the Vermont (frigate) ran out her guns, and the prize ship Fingal was also cleared for action; but the report turned out false, no vessel like the rebel ram having been in sight.

The rebel iron-clads are reported to be all anchored in the rear of Fort Sumpter, so as to protect the city in case the fort be taken.

The steamboat Cosmopolitan arrived at Port Royal on the 14th, with 113 rebel prisoners and a number of our own wounded in the fight on Morris Island.

General Terry had possessed himself of James Island up to Secessionville, where he fortified his position. A day or two before the Fulton left, General Terry, on reconnoitring, came near being taken prisoner by the rebels, who were lying in wait for him.

The mortality in Port Royal and adjacent posts is said to be quite large, the malarious fever of the country killing about nine men a day.

It was stated at Port Royal that the rebels intended attacking our force at the same time we attacked them.

Our losses in the capture of the Morris Island batteries, and the attempt on Fort Wagner, foot up as follows: 7th Connecticut, 109, a large number of whom are missing; 3d New Hampshire, 6 killed and 21 wounded; 76th Pennsylvania, 149 killed, wounded, and missing; 7th New Hampshire, 5 wounded; 6th Connecticut, 1 killed and 11 wounded; 48th New York, 4 killed and 23 wounded; 62d Ohio, 1 wounded; 9th Maine, 3 killed, 35 wounded, and 20 missing.

### DETAILS OF THE OPERATIONS ON MORRIS ISLAND.

From a letter in the *Herald*, dated Morris Island, July 14, we extract the following account of the progressive operations of General Gilmore:

THE PLAN OF THE ATTACK.

I have been permitted to copy the following general orders containing the first plan of attack, and the one finally acted on containing some changes from the original plan. These orders are as follows:

SPECIAL ORDERS, NO. 1.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, IN THE FIELD, FOLLY ISLAND, July 6, 1863.

I. An attack upon Morris Island will be made at the rising of the moon to-night, by Brigadier General Strong's brigade, of Brigadier General Seymour's division. This force will be embarked in small boats immediately after sunset, and will pass through Folly Island creek to and across Lighthouse Inlet.

A small detachment from the force will enter the creek to the west of Morris Island, and will land just north of the lighthouse, seize the batteries, and, if possible, turn them upon the enemy's encampments north of them. The main column will land from Lighthouse Inlet, carry the batteries on the south end of Morris Island, and advance to the support of the detachment above mentioned.

Two regiments and some field artillery will be held in readiness on the extreme north end of Folly Island, to be pushed over as reinforcements. To this end General Strong will send his boats over as soon as he has disembarked his command.

II. At the same time Gen. Terry, with all his division, except the 100th New York Volunteers, will ascend the Stono river, under cover of the navy, and attack the enemy on James Island. He will be governed by his verbal instructions.

III. A naval force is expected to enter the main channel abreast of Morris Island by or before sunrise to-morrow to co-operate with the land forces.

IV. Should the night attack fail from any cause, the assaulting column will withdraw to Folly Island, sending their boats into Folly Island creek. In that event the batteries on the north end of Folly Island will open at daybreak, or as soon thereafter as practicable.

Brigadier General Seymour will arrange the details. By order of Brig. Gen. Q. A. GILLMORE.
ED. W. SMITH, Assistant Adjutant General.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 2.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, IN THE FIELD, FOLLY ISLAND, July 9, 1863.

I. The attack on Morris Island, ordered for this morning, but postponed in consequence of the inclemency of the weather and other unavoidable circumstances, will take place to-morrow morning at break of day, by opening our batteries at the north end of Folly Island.

General Strong's brigade, or so much of it as the small boats can accommodate, will embark to-night, and hold itself in Folly Island creek, ready to move forward, and at the proper time occupy the south end of Morris Island.

II. Lieutenant Commanding Francis N. Bunce, United States Navy, with four navy howitzer launches, will approach Lighthouse Inlet at daybreak, by way of Folly Island creek, and engage the enemy's rifle-pits and batteries in flank and reverse, choosing his own positions. He will cover General Strong's landing.

III. Two regiments of infantry, a battery of light artillery, and five rifle batteries will be held in readiness to reinforce General Strong promptly.

General Seymour will arrange and order the details.

By order of Brigadier General Q. A. Gillmore.
ED. W. SMITH, Asst. Adjt. Gen.

NAMING OF THE CAPTURED BATTERIES—FORT SUMPTER TO BE CAPTURED.

Gen. Strong issued the following:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 2.

HEADQUARTERS, UNITED STATES FORCES, MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., July 10, 1863.

I. The Morris Island batteries captured this day by the United States troops will be designated, exclusive of the two mortar batteries, in succession, from north to south, as follows:

No. 1, Battery Rodman.
No. 2, Battery Chatfield.
No. 3, Battery Jackson.
No. 4, Battery Strawbridge.
No. 5, Battery Emery.
No. 6, Battery Barton.
No. 7, Battery Hardy.
No. 8, Battery Putnam.

II. The most northerly mortar battery will be known as Battery Bunce, and the adjacent one as Battery McKenzie.

III. It is expected that the salute in honor of the christening shall, in due time, be fired from Fort Sumpter.

By order of Brigadier General STRONG.
ALVAH H. LIBBY, Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

The batteries, it will be seen, were named in honor of the commanders of regiments that captured and held them, and of the two naval officers who assisted very materially.

The closing clause of the order gave great satisfaction to all who read it.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ATTACK

was an anxious one. Those who were to make the assault slept as usual, but many who were to be lookers on could not sleep. Completely fatigued, at midnight, I lay down on the sand, in the open air, but before I could sleep the preparations for the movement commenced. Regiments were silently called up and formed in line of battle; the storming party formed on the beach at a safe distance from the fort, and then came an anxious hour, while we awaited the right moment for the assault. The stillness of death reigned around. It was quite dark. Lights were generally extinguished, except at the hospital building, and a horse's tramp or the jingling of a sabre could be heard half a mile.

THE STORMING OF FORT WAGNER.

During the evening a plan for taking the fort by storm was agreed on. It was a desperate measure, but all that was required was a brave storming party, well led. Lieutenant Colonel Rodman volunteered to take the advance with his battalion of the 7th Connecticut. The only condition he made was that he should be well supported. That was promised him, and he entered into the project with much enthusiasm. His battalion were overjoyed at the opportunity to display their intrepidity, and at the honorable positions given them. The regiments selected for the support were two fine ones, in which Generals Gillmore and Strong had great confidence, for they had behaved gallantly in the engagement of Friday morning—the 9th Maine and the 76th Pennsylvania. General Strong had charge of the operation, but General Gillmore also gave it general supervision.

A COLONEL SICK.

Rather a depressing influence was thrown over the 76th by the arrival of a note from Col. Strawbridge, who had been with them once that morning, and was expected to lead them, announcing that he was confined to his quarters by a sudden and severe illness. Col. Strawbridge has too good a reputation as a gallant and brave officer for this to cause any suspicion of cowardice, but his illness was very unfortunate, for real sudden illness of officers just before engagements are apt to cause sham ones among the men. Major Hicks, however, a fine officer, remained with them as commander.

THE REBEL PICKETS DRIVEN IN.

The column moved on slowly and silently up the beach without arousing any one till they arrived within two hundred yards of the fort, when the pickets were encountered and driven in, thus notifying the garrison of the party's approach. Now was the time for a

GALLANT CHARGE BY THE SEVENTH CONNECTICUT,

and they made it. General Strong rode up to them at the proper moment, and said, "Fire low, and trust in God! Forward, the Connecticut 7th!" And away they went at a double-quick. The fort opened with three 8-inch howitzers, heavily charged with grape and canister. Some of them fell, only chance shots struck them, for the cabins could not see them. God save them from receiving such a round as that. The belching flames looked terribly; the ringing and rattling and humming of the missiles was terrible. There they go, pell mell, cheering and shouting. Another round comes at them; more fall this time, but they do not falter. A third round ploughs among them, but still their survivors press on, with the same glorious shout, with the same admirable enthusiasm. They are heroes, every one of them. Now they are under the works and jump or wallow through the ditch. The hand grenades do not stop them, nor the rifle-balls, nor the noise of preparation within. Up the banks they clamber, and, with their old shout unsilenced, the stand upon the parapet—all who have not fallen on the way. Not a man has flinched. The gallant Colonel Rodman has been with them, or ahead of them, the whole time, and stands on the parapet waving his sword and cheering with his men. We have the rebels now beyond a doubt—but

WHERE IS THE SUPPORT?

The 76th, on the right, have advanced bravely at the proper time, and the 9th Maine have followed with equal courage; but they did not so well escape the first round of the deadly grape, and they wavered. That staggering back instead of pressing forward decided the day against us. They lose their distance, and when they bravely rally it is just time to receive another fire, which makes them dodge; for it looks infernal in the distance, and must be terrible to march directly up to. The next rally is not general. Some press on to the moat, more rush back to certain death. There is little danger if they push on—almost certain death if they break up and retreat. Major Hicks leads the 76th bravely, and some choice men follow him on to the parapet, but when he turns to look for his regiment, there it is, routed, with the 9th Maine also retreating; and the brave Colonel Rodman, as he receives a wound in the side which he supposes fatal, cries "Where is the support?" and then, turning and seeing how he is deserted, says, "A damned pretty support that is—the cowards are running away!" Reluctantly he draws off his men to prevent capture, and, with their ranks thinned by two hundred rifled muskets inside the fort, they regretfully retire.

THE DEFAULTING REGIMENTS.

I have met many of both regiments since, scattered on Morris and Folly Islands, either afraid or ashamed to go back. I do not wish to accuse these regiments of cowardice. Their conduct was no disgrace; but they made fatal mistakes, and on their next battle-field must redeem themselves or their reputation is gone. Gen. Strong has said no unkind word to one of them, though he felt the failure deeply. He still believes they are good regiments, but whether they deserve blame or not they will get it, and will be denounced by people who never saw a grape shot, much less faced a fire from a battery of howitzers loaded with it.

COLONEL HIGGINSON'S EXPEDITION.

Colonel Higginson, with the 2d South Carolina, has been up to burn the Combahee bridge, as part of the general plan, to keep troops from coming from Savannah. A field battery stopped them, sinking the steamer Governor Milton, putting fourteen shots through the Enoch Dean, killing three negroes and one white man, and wounding several, including Colonel Higginson. Two hundred and fifty negroes and lots of cotton were brought away.

CASUALTIES IN THE 76TH PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT.

Major John W. Hicks, wounded severely; Sergt. Major A. C. Helsoehl, wounded severely.

COMPANY A.—*Missing*—Sergt. James G. Bouden, Corporals Christian Laigle and Joseph W. Lebendelfer, Samuel P. Borloo, Watson Bell, Harrison Gordon, Joseph H. Harden, John Hanna, Philip Huff, David Montgomery, Wm. J. Mitchell, John M. McGowan, Joseph A. H. McDowell, Jacob Warren. *Wounded*—Corporals David Allen and Daniel McVay, slightly; Robert Lord, severely; David D. Shoemaker, Richard Sneyd, and John R. Marlo, slightly.

COMPANY B.—*Missing*—Capt. David B. Hogeland, First Lieut. Martin Stambaugh, Sergeants L. P. Leinberger and G. W. Winnall, Corporals Adam Deitlin, J. M. Parker, and F. M. Phillips, James D. Butler, Spencer Briggs, F. F. Bennett, Daniel Keasley, Josiah Hanson, Daniel Kelley, Hugh Mates, Samuel Quimby, Charles P. Utp. *Wounded*—Sergeant Thomas Stoots and Corporal J. L. Reno, slightly; Wm. J. Reboat, severely; Peter Currier, Levi Fry, Henry A. Miller, Cornelius Walker, Jas. M. Ayris, Henry Buell, John Conners, John Dotwiler, Geo. Eupfield, Milton Gray, John M. Knox, J. L. Kinsel, David Kounsman, Samuel Kounsman, Geo. Lafferty, Graham Meadville, John Morgan, Fendley Stephens, Levi Weirbaugh, Corporal Wm. Aiken, Joseph T. Brown, Daniel Clark, Geo. Miller, Edward B. Matthews, Wm. H. Wayne.

COMPANY G.—*Wounded*—Sergeant John Gibson, Corporals John C. Brown and James L. McCandless, David L. Hamill, James J. Hughes, all severely. *Missing*—Sergeant John Snodgrass, Michael Alfred, John C. Campbell, Benton Drake, James C. Rigby.

COMPANY H.—*Wounded*—Capt. Charles Knerr, Bryan Flaherty and Thomas Madigan. *Missing*—First Lieut. Wm. Miller, Patrick Clark, Louis Decker, James H. Decker, Charles Dettl, Alfred Greene, Albert Glaset, Patrick Hunter, Julius D. Hamlin, Jas. Johnston, Wm. Nelson, G. W. Posey, Harry Messenger, slightly.

COMPANY C.—*Missing*—First Sergeant George W. Cruise, Sergeants Stephen McCartney and Wm. E. Moury; Corporals Thomas D. Nesley, Wm. Champeno, Robt. Howe and Ebenezer Kezerice. *Wounded*—James H. Davis, John Lace, Washington L. McKeehan, Frank Marks and John W. Dasher, severely, Wm. Ling, slightly.

COMPANY D.—*Missing*—First Lieut. Chas. J. Bittinger, Sergeant Jacob Dock, Corporals Christopher Hletcha and Abner Auraud, James Hughes, Chas. Hetsly, Thomas Hovan, Moses Keefer, Joshua Kneelle, John Miller, James Miller, Jacob Marnleestar, Wesley Wagoner. *Wounded*—Corporal Henry Miller, Jacob Lechner, John Nulso, Wm. Reichenbach, Franklin Roberts and Charles Lawson.

COMPANY E.—*Killed*—James Duffie, William Riceling. *Missing*—Corporal John W. Boehlo, William A. Corbett, Francis Eccles, Joseph Fetler, John Foster, Daniel V. Foor, Christian Packert, Ezereal Brush, Seth S. Smith, Matthew Spidell, William Washabaugh. *Wounded*—Henry Burket, Corporals Jacob Cypher and Artemas Brecott.

COMPANY F.—*Killed*—John Bayles, James Gilland. *Missing*—Sergeants P. L. McGuthery, A. D. Gwin, Thomas W. Morgan, Corporals Enoch Hinckson, Henry Watetmyer, William Wamburgh, and Joseph Carden.

COMPANY I.—*Missing*—Sergeants Harrison Stair, Elias Spangler, Robert Smith, Silas M. Smith, James E. Barolly, Wm. Carlingleu, John Cook, Edward O. Buoese, Francis Duncan, Andrew B. Strey, Daniel Heffman, Calvin Harvis, Edward Kelster, Rudy Klonaid, Samuel Medlary, J. Scott Patterson, Daniel Sloat, George Schenberger, Eli Wilhelm, George White, George Deitz. *Wounded*—Daniel Leichtenberger, John Louche.

COMPANY K.—*Wounded*—Captain John S. Littell, Sergeant James H. Hughes, Corporal Horace B. Dehaven, all slightly; Albert Purvis, seriously; John Wagoner, Augustus Durfaler and James P. Travis, slightly; Peter Duster, severely. *Missing*—First Sergeant Wm. H. Bradshaw, Robert Purvis, Reddie Gilbert, Isaac Davis, Franklin Moses. Total, 168.

# THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

## General Sherman's Expedition from Vicksburg.

### JOHNSTON'S REAR GUARD OF 6,000 CAPTURED AT BOLTON, MISS.

### Details of the Surrender of Port Hudson.

VICKSBURG, July 7, 1863.—General Grant has added still another victory to the list of his brilliant successes in this campaign. Our forces came up with Johnston's rear guard near Bolton, on the 6th instant, and after a short skirmish made them prisoners, to the number, it is reported, of some six thousand. The official reports are not in yet, but from the news brought by couriers I have obtained the facts of the affair as found below.

It may be well to preface by saying that, as soon as the surrender of the garrison here was a foregone conclusion, General Grant arranged to suddenly attack Johnston, and, if possible, capture his whole force. Accordingly, on the night of the 3d and the day of the 4th instant, the expedition, which was under the command of General Sherman, set out in three columns to march on Jackson.

The right column comprised the 13th Army Corps, under General Ord, the centre column, the 15th Corps, under General Steele; and the left, the 9th Corps, with a division of the 16th Corps, all under General Parke. The right column was to march by way of Raymond, and the left by way of Canton, while the centre took the line of the railroad.

The troops crossed the Big Black on the 5th, and proceeded some distance without meeting with the enemy. At length, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the advance guard, consisting of the 16th Ohio, was suddenly fired upon by artillery, and the skirmishers returned with the report that the enemy were drawn up in line of battle, with a battery of artillery in position, to resist our advance. The 16th Iowa opened in response, but as the enemy proved to be in considerable force, Tuttle's division of the 15th Corps was sent to the support of the regiment, and the engagement became general. It lasted but a short time. The enemy began to give way, and finally turned to fly, but in the meantime a detachment of the 9th Army Corps had got in their rear, and the whole force was compelled to surrender.

The rebels proved to be the rear guard of Johnston's army, and consisted of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Our loss was very small.

THE FALL OF PORT HUDSON.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—The following despatch has been received:

VICKSBURG, Miss., July 10—3 P. M.

*To Major General H. W. Halleck, General in Chief:*

The following despatch has just been received from General Banks:

"BEFORE PORT HUDSON, July 11, 1863.

"GENERAL: The Mississippi is now opened.

"I have the honor to inform you that the garrison of Port Hudson surrendered unconditionally this afternoon.

"We shall take formal possession at 7 o'clock in the morning. N. P. BANKS, Major General."

U. S. GRANT, Major General.

VICKSBURG, July 10, via Cairo, July 15.—The gunboat Arizona has just arrived from Port Hudson, with despatches to Gen. Grant, announcing the capitulation of that place on the 8th inst.

After the unsuccessful assault upon the enemy's works—of which you have already been informed—General Banks labored to reduce the place by continuous bombardment, and by closing all the avenues by which the enemy could procure a supply of provisions.

On the evening of the 7th General Gardner sent out a flag of truce; he had heard of the capitulation of Vicksburg, and desired General Banks to give him such information as he might have concerning the truth or falsity of the rumor. General Banks sent him a copy of General Grant's despatch, giving the full particulars of the capitulation of Vicksburg. General Gardner then expressed his willingness to surrender upon the same terms. General Banks declined, and announced that he would accept nothing short of an unconditional surrender.

General Gardner had before expressed his determination to hold out to the last extremity, and seemed sanguine both of the ultimate success of the Confederate arms in holding the Mississippi, and in his own ability to defend his works until he should be relieved by an attack on General Banks' rear.

The intelligence of General Grant's splendid triumph at Vicksburg, however, and the advance of a strong column into the interior of Mississippi, cutting off his expected relief, speedily dispelled Gen. Gardner's hopes. Disheartened and discouraged by the news he had received, General Gardner surrendered his force unconditionally on the morning of July 8.

The garrison consisted of six thousand effective men, in excellent condition. There were sixty pieces of artillery in the various batteries along the river and in the rear, many of them of very large calibre. The magazine contained an abundant supply of powder, but a small quantity of shot and shell. This deficiency accounts for the rebel firing having been so slack during the last two or three days' siege. General Gardner was evidently husbanding his resources to repel an anticipated assault, and had an abundant supply to work all guns for several days continuously without entirely exhausting his supplies.

There was no beef in possession of the rebels at the time of the surrender. The flesh of mules had been dealt out for some time—short rations—to supply the want of beef. There were quite a number of mules inside the rebel works, and an abundance of corn, sufficient to have lasted the garrison for a week longer, if they had had the heart to fight.

General Gardner is reported to have said after the surrender, that he expected General Grant with his army would come down from Vicksburg and assume the conduct of the siege, and in that event his works would be assaulted and overpowered by superior numbers, and many of his men would be bayoneted in the trenches before a surrender could be made.

**A Communication from Admiral Porter—The Fight near Young's Point—Gallantry of Ellet's Marine Brigade.**

WASHINGTON, July 15.—The Navy Department to-day received a communication from Rear Admiral Porter, dated the 2d inst., in which he states that on the 29th of June he received a communication from General Dennis, commanding the post of Young's Point, informing him that our black troops had been attacked at Goodrich's Landing, and that the rebels were getting the upper hand of them.

A gunboat had already been despatched to that point, but another was sent off without delay. Gen. Ellet was directed to proceed with the Marine Brigade to the scene of action, and remain there until everything was quiet.

The ironclad vessel of the brigade, the John Raines, arrived there as the rebels were setting fire to the so-called government plantations, and supposing her to be an ordinary transport, they opened fire on her with field pieces. But they were much surprised to have the fire returned with shrapnel, which fell among them, killing and wounding a number. The result was a retreat on the part of the rebels and the escape of a number of negroes whom they had imprisoned.

The gunboat Romeo also came up the river about this time, and hearing the firing, hurried to the scene of action. The commander soon discovered that the rebels were setting fire to the plantations, and commenced shelling them, chasing them along the river back for a distance of fifteen miles.

The rebels set fire to everything as they went along, and the result was an almost total destruction of houses and property along the river front in that vicinity.

The rebels carried off about 1,200 negroes, who were employed in working upon the Government plantations.

General Ellet landed his forces, and in company with a black brigade, proceeded to chase the rebels, who were making a hasty retreat when they found there was a force after them; it was no part of their system to fight; they only came to plunder and carry off the negroes.

Gen. Ellet found the road strewn with broken carts and furniture, which the rebels left in their haste to get away from our forces. He pursued them as far as Tensas river, where they had crossed, burning the bridges and entrenching themselves for a battle. This was soon offered them, and our artillery opened on them and put them to flight, notwithstanding it was reported they had twenty field pieces.

Gen. Ellet, not knowing the country very well, and having only a small force with him, deemed it proper not to pursue the rebels much further. He sent 200 infantry across the bayou and found that the rebels had retreated to Delphi, leaving all their plunder, comprising splendid furniture, pianos, &c., strewn along the road.

The unexpected reinforcement of the brigade and the gunboats saved the whole of the black troops. It is only a temporary peace, however, for as long as the blacks remain in such small numbers so long will they be an object of attack.

The party that made this attack on the so-called Government plantations are the same that attacked Milliken's Bend some short time since. They are a half-starved, half-naked set, and were in hopes of capturing some of the transports with clothing and provisions. They have not done so as yet, and the necessary precautions have been taken to prevent their doing so at any time.

## VICKSBURG AFTER THE SIEGE.

THE ARMIES FRATERNIZING.

It is very evident that the besiegers and the besieged have learned a lesson of mutual respect in the course of the protracted struggle now over so happily. On former occasions a disposition toward friendliness has been exhibited by men who, a few minutes earlier or later, were seeking one another's lives. To-day both armies seem to have discarded every feeling of personal bitterness, and to have recognized the quarrel in which they have been fighting as a purely public one, that ought not to interfere with friendly personal relations. Wherever you turn in the streets of Vicksburg, and on whatever transport you go, you will find Union officers and soldiers treating rebel officers and soldiers to the best eatables and drinks our army can afford, as if they were old friends just met after a long separation. Cordiality and good feeling prevail throughout the city.

On every hand you hear expressions of pleased surprise from the rebels at what they term the gentlemanly character of their captors, and they seek opportunities to reciprocate the courtesies extended to them with an avidity showing that they do not desire to be outdone in politeness. There is no jeering or tormenting from our men. I am confident that there has not been to-day a single instance where any officer or soldier of our army has indulged in any unseemly exultation over the fallen foemen. We have even refrained from cheering, and nothing—absolutely nothing—has been done to add humiliation to the cup of sorrows which the rebels have been compelled to drink. Of course, this universal prevalence of good feeling has tempted the men of both armies to resort to moral suasion and argument for vindication of their respective positions as belligerents.

I have listened attentively to many discussions of the causes of the war, had on the street corners and everywhere, expecting them to result in high words of defiance and recrimination. But, to my surprise, I have never elsewhere heard these conversational controversies about the war and its causes and ends so calmly and mildly conducted since the commencement of our national troubles. No one who has witnessed this extraordinary meeting of the two armies can fail to have seen the friendly spirit manifested. It is a subject of remark throughout our army. My belief in the irreconcilable character of the feud between the North and the South has been greatly undermined thereby.

THE CONDITION OF THE TOWN.

But few buildings in Vicksburg are totally demolished. None have been completely ruined by the bombardment. On one of the principal streets near the river, and running parallel with it, there are remains of a block of buildings which were burned about the time of the fight at Champion Hills. In the block was a mill and a storehouse, in which were stored a considerable quantity of flour—200 barrels and upward—which was burned at the same time. The buildings were fired by a crowd of incensed rebel soldiers and citizens, as a punishment due to some heartless and extortionate speculators who had bought up the flour to be enabled to get siege prices for it. There are a few other houses scattered about that are now but heaps of rubbish. The great majority of the buildings, both public and private, can be by repairs made "as good as new."

The streets are barricaded to a limited extent, and have been ploughed up by shells. In walking along the pavements one must be careful not to tumble into a pit dug for him by a projectile from a 13-inch mortar or from a Parrot gun. The yards, gardens, and open lots, are also cut up with shell holes. A profusion of beautiful shrubbery has heretofore rendered Vicksburg a very handsome town, but the broken and torn fences, and the havoc incident to the presence of an army anywhere, have greatly diminished the beauties of the place. Nearly every gate in the city is adorned with unexploded 13-inch shells placed atop of each post. The porches and piazzas (nearly every house has one) are also adorned with curious collections of shot and shell that have fallen in the yards. It is said that there are some houses in the city that have escaped unscathed, but in my rambles through the streets I could not find them.

I entered perhaps twenty buildings in all, and found frightful-looking holes in the walls and floors of every one. The house occupied by General Pemberton, as his headquarters, has a hole in the first room you enter on the left side of the hall which a mule could crawl through without difficulty. The publisher of the Vicksburg *Citizen* invited me into his residence, and interspersed his remarks, while showing me around, with frequent cautions not to tread here and there, for fear a shattered piece of flooring would let me through into the cellar. And so it is all over the place. The northern portion of the city suffered most, and I cannot convey any idea of the damage sustained better than by saying it has been smashed.—*Cor. Tribune.*

CAUSES OF THE SURRENDER.

The causes which have led to this stupendous result may be briefly summed up as follows: The Vicksburg garrison was in round numbers thirty thousand at the commencement of the siege. It was driven within the walls of the city after a hopeless attempt to protect their line of railroad communication with Jackson. Defeated, dispirited, and worn, they retired within their line of intrenchments, and at once set to work to repair their shattered organization and perfect their defences. In the two or three days which elapsed before our arrival they rallied. They had three provisions for thirty days left. Unless they could drive off the beleagers within that time they were inevitably doomed.

Johnston, who had arrived in Central Mississippi in season to find the fragments of a demoralized army, found a herculean task in restoring it in shape and spirit. He was short of artillery, transportation, and cavalry, and his supplies he had to draw from great distances.

The insuperable difficulty was the strength of our army, and the great advantage of our position. Once on the top of Chickasaw ridge, and we were almost impregnable, with our flanks defended by gunboats. The prime cause of the rebel defeat lies with the War Department at Richmond, in draining the South to sustain the Virginia army. The second cause was a mistake in venturing beyond the Big Black river to give battle. This was Pemberton's blunder. The next fault is chargeable to Johnston. As a military man he should have known the utmost limit of resistance which the garrison could reach, and should have relieved it without fail. Had he attempted it, he would certainly have failed, and thus it proves that what General Grant remarked after the battle of Champion Hills was true. Vicksburg was virtually won then, and the great battle determinative of the fate of the Mississippi valley was then delivered and won by our Western troops.—*Correspondence of the World.*

THE PRISONERS AT VICKSBURG.

(Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.)

The feeling among the captured is variously stated. Gen. Bowen, for instance, appears to think that he has been sold, and other officers attribute their misfortune to want of generalship in Pemberton, and still others swear that Pemberton sold out to Grant, but all the privates appear delighted, and are quite free in the expression of their determination not to follow the Confederacy, but to return to their homes.

The soldiers from Louisiana are constantly deserting across the river, and all others who can find the means of doing so follow their example. To such an extent has this been carried, that General Pemberton has been forced to complain of it to General Grant, and to ask that he use force to prevent the troops from leaving. The latter is said to have declined to interfere. He assured Gen. Pemberton that he considered it no part of his business to use arms to force men to fight for the Confederacy. According to the cartel, General Pemberton and his army were to be paroled and placed outside the Federal lines. Thus far it has been impossible for that to be done, and in the meantime he had no interest in compelling men to go where they did not want to go; consequently, notice has been given that all who wish to take the oath and go home, can do so. Some of the officers refuse to take the parole, and will be sent North as prisoners.

Hon. Albert Gallatin Brown, the colleague of Jeff Davis in the United States Senate, came to Snyder's bluff on the 6th, and took the oath. He said he had never believed in Secession, had never been a Secessionist, and had never been in favor of the rebellion. His wife, who was present, said his course had ruined her, and there need be no fears that he would act disloyal in future.

THE LATE SIEGE.

The most wonderful piece of work in this campaign, and what must render the siege of Vicksburg among the great sieges of history, is the enormous amount of labor performed in the entrenchment and mining operations. Sebastopol, to which this must bear a strong natural resemblance, may have seen something like the number of guns bearing upon it, and the quantity of iron hurled back and forward, but in the elaborateness of the engineering work we doubt if its equal has been seen on either side. The labor of the forts and pits is prodigious, especially if we consider that it is temporary for the siege.

The enemy had leisure to select his position where all the advantages would inure to his side and where all the drawbacks would be to ours. His forts were on the best sites and well constructed; his pits overlooked chasms and natural obstacles. His magazines and paths were all selected and built before we came. Notwithstanding all these manifest advantages, he has, by the superior force of our artillery, been driven from point to point, until now he has not more than half a dozen guns which he can use, bearing on the land forces, and these situated so far within the works that their efficacy is impaired. If the rebels had ammunition abundant (and they have not), it would be difficult for them to fire, as every gun which we could see would be effectually silenced by a concentration of artillery such as the world has rarely seen. We have guns of all sorts and calibres, from the monster 11-inch columbiads, under Captain Selfridge, U. S. A., to the captured iron 6-pounder. They have one 15-inch mortar, which hitherto they have fired with impunity, happily without much damage. We have six of the same calibre firing at will, but we suspect with similar results.

This is the marvel of the contest that while our men are moving about continually, and our horsemen galloping in plain sight of the two lines, the rebels can only fire, after a tedious stratagem, an occasional shot. We overpower them so completely that at no point except the disputed fort, can they fire regularly. If they construct loopholes our gunners knock them into one, and tumble off their sandbags, or if by chance during the night they have a few pierced, no sooner do they show the ends of their muskets through, than a rattling fire is poured at the aperture. Thus are they kept in perpetual terror and silence by this triple guard. They cannot afford to fight against such odds. Life and strength are too precious, because so limited, to waste in this unprofitable way. For every one of our men wounded, they must have three, so that, in the long run, they must be reduced by casualties alone.—*Correspondent Missouri Republican.*

SNYDER'S AND HAINES' BLUFFS.

(From Vicksburg Correspondence Memphis Bulletin.)

Snyder's Bluff rises away to the right and front like a majestic mountain, and with its canvas city figures up in imagination cloud capped Ida. Large basins of water, and a stretch of yellow hills or mounds is visible to the right, wagon roads dug through them, and leading away toward Chickasaw bayou. An old tier of abutments, filled with stones, and blockading timbers lashed together with chains and railroad iron, are here at the river's edge. Rifle-pits stretch along the hillside slope of Snyder's Bluff, and far up the steep hill-side loom the deserted bastions of the enemy; the added embrasures and grass-grown parapets, strong by nature, made stronger by art, and manned by guns of heavier calibre than any we have seen this side of the Potomac. Here it was, or rather on this line of defence, four miles below, that Major General Sherman was so fearfully repulsed with the invisible loss of 1,800 men. And now, that we have seen the works, built upon bluffs that no human being or animal ever could ascend without encountering perfect abattis of logs, brush, briers, and grape-vines so netted together and pendant from precipices as the mountain goat of the Far West never scaled—*in short, no army, under any leader under heaven, could have climbed those craggy steeps under the appalling fire of 11 inch and 130-pounder guns!* The only wonder with me is that there are still such things in existence as Sherman and his army. It is a wonder they were not annihilated. If, to-day, I cannot, *on foot on horseback, or any other way*, ascend to their works in the only direction from which Sherman could possibly approach them, tell me, ye villifiers of the bravest and best generals of the United States, how, in the name of God, could Sherman, under fire of those powerful guns, get there! Storm it—charge it! I'd like to know how. It was a physical impossibility. And when the brave man saw it, which he could not learn until he got close to the works, he withdrew his army and abandoned the impossible task. And while he has lost nothing of prestige, in our opinion, by his signal failure here, we must award to General Grant—perhaps to Sherman himself—as the guiding genius here, everlasting immortality, praise and honor for the superior and most brilliant strategy that has caused the enemy to evacuate such a stronghold as this line of works, from Chickasaw Bayou and Snyder's to Haines' Bluff.

INCIDENTS OF THE MORGAN RAID IN INDIANA.

(From the Indianapolis Journal.)

Near Corydon, a minister named Glenn, who owned the finest house in that section, fired upon the rebels. He was dragged into the house by his wife, who closed the door. The rebels burst open the door, wounded him through both thighs, set the house on fire, and left Glenn to perish in the flames. His wife and other ladies in the house dragged him out to an orchard, and thus saved him from being roasted alive. Near Mauckport they also killed Garrett Hunt, and just above the town they murdered Wm. Feahee.

The story runs that Morgan captured Wash. De Pauw, one of the wealthiest men of Southern Indiana, and said to him, "Sir, do you consider your flouring-mill worth $2,000?" Mr. De P. said he thought it was worth all of that. "Then," said the robber chief, "you can save it for $2,000." Mr. De P. paid the money. "Now," proceeded Morgan, "do you think your woolen-mill is worth $3,000?" Mr. De P. admitted that it was probably worth more than that. "Well," said the rebel, "you can have it for $3,000." And Mr. De Pauw took it. So they levied $5,000 on him.

Near Corydon an old citizen, William Heth, fired upon the rebels. He was the keeper of the toll-gate this side of Corydon. The rebels shot him dead and burned his house. They also burned a fine stone mill in the neighborhood of Corydon. Caleb Thomas, of Edwardsville, was killed near Corydon. He was shot through the forehead. Jeremiah Nance, of Laconia, was also killed near Corydon.

Gen. Carrington was relieved of the command of the brigade going to Ohio, by General Wilcox, and placed under arrest, and the command turned over to General Hascall, who left last night with the troops.

The calling out and organizing of more than 17,000 men, with fully 25,000 more in reserve, and eager to be called into service, is one of the most striking evidences of the influence of Gov. Morton, to whose energy, decision, and popularity this unequalled and glorious manifestation of the power of Indiana is so largely due.

THE IRISH EMIGRANTS.

Lord Palmerston, speaking in the House of Commons, on the subject of emigration from Ireland, said:

In one year, the year of the distress, the Irish emigrants in the United States—all honor to them for so doing—remitted a million and a half sterling to their friends and families in Ireland, to enable them to maintain themselves throughout the distress, or to go out to America. I say, sir, that emigrants who are capable of doing this must be far better off than they were before they abandoned the country of their birth. No doubt, it is painful to sever ties which were coeval with the man's birth. No doubt it is painful to leave home, and sometimes to leave family. But allow me to say that the sentiment is not universal, because I have myself seen a party of emigrants intending to go to America, parading the road with a band of musicians, announcing themselves as *American boys*, and apparently proud and happy to go. While, therefore, no doubt there are many cases where it is painful to leave home, that is not an universal feeling, because many persons feel that in leaving for America, or the colonies, they are about to better their position, they are glad to go, and they hope to be able to remit to their relatives the means of following them, or of maintaining themselves in greater comfort at home.

WEST POINT.—In the reminiscences of an "Old Soldier," published in the Louisville *Journal*, a number of its West Point graduates are mentioned with interest. I was considerably amused to-day to hear a graduate of West Point describe some of the peculiarities of Buell and McClellan. We were talking of Buell's energy, when he remarked "that if Buell had as much energy in his head as in his foot, he certainly would be one of the most vigorous men in the world. Buell," said he, "is the only man that ever attended West Point able to kick a football over north barracks. The man who is able to raise a ball in the case must possess great physical power. The traditions of the Academy give the name of but one man who succeeded in kicking the ball over the barracks, and that name is Don Carlos Buell. When Buell was a lieutenant a large, burly fellow gave him some insolence, and even forgot himself so far as to challenge Buell to fight him a fist fight. This was too much for the young lieutenant. With the rapidity of thought he knocked the fellow down, and, with one kick, broke three of his ribs. While at the academy, Buell was the leader of a set of cadets who were then considered aristocrats, he would descend to nothing low or vulgar as a boy, and he still retains his characteristic honesty of purpose and pride of character. Our friend also told us that among the tests of strength in his time at the academy was the grip of the knees when on horseback. A man who could make a horse squeal by gripping him with the knees was considered a No. 1 rider. Among those who excelled were McClellan and Fitz John Porter. The former could make a horse squeal, and the latter would make him squeal and switch his tail."

A RELIGIOUS CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.—A convention of ministers of several Protestant denominations has been in session in Pittsburg, with a view to have the Constitution of the United States amended by inserting in it some clause recognizing "the being and attributes of Almighty God, the Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures, the law of God as a paramount rule, and Jesus the Messiah, the Saviour, and the Lord of all." They have just adjourned *sine die*, after appointing a committee, with very large powers, to agitate the subject by addresses to the people, and to call a national convention of persons friendly to the object, whenever and wherever, in their opinion, the end sought will be promoted thereby.

A FRENCH paper—*L'Abeille Cauchoise*—records the following instance of the ferocity of rats, which it declares has just occurred at a farm near Yvetot (Seine-Inférieure). The proprietor of the farm, M. Panchout, had a pig so exceedingly fat that it could scarcely move, and was nearly always asleep. Three nights since he was awakened by hearing the squeals of the animal, and on going to the sty, found that a number of rats had attacked it, and eaten their way into its fat to the depth of four inches. The pig was so much injured that it was found necessary to kill it immediately. The *Journal de Rouen*, after giving the above account, mentions a circumstance which occurred to a gentleman of that town not long since: On returning from a residence in the tropics he wished to bring back a serpent about six feet long. He accordingly put it into a large box, and along with it a number of live rats for it to kill and eat when so disposed. On opening the box, however, he found that during the passage the rats had not only eaten all the food enclosed for them, but had also devoured the serpent itself.

PADS FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

*To the Editor of The Press:*

SIR: A gentleman who has devoted much time to the care of our wounded, says that among other things much wanted, and apt to be overlooked, are pads to rest wounded and amputated limbs on, and to prevent bed-sores. He says:

"I well know this from my experience near Antietam. They are best made by taking pieces of muslin, linen, or calico, from twelve to fifteen inches square, and stuffing with the *finest quality* of oakum. About half should have holes in the centre about four inches in diameter, to relieve bed-sores. When stuffed (not too hard) with the best oakum they are useful for some time, as the tar in the oakum has antiseptic properties; but when stuffed with wool, hair, or feathers, &c., they soon putrefy and become offensive."

I am, sir, very respectfully, yours, E.

PHILADELPHIA, July 17, 1863.

RETALIATION.

The rebel General W. Fitz Hugh Lee and Captain Winder were removed last week from the McClellan Hospital to Fortress Monroe, and placed in a casemate under a guard, and notice sent to the rebel Government that if they execute Captains Sawyer and Flynn, whom they now hold in close confinement and under sentence in Richmond, Lee and Winder will be executed in retaliation.

# THE REBELLION.

THE RICHMOND PAPERS ON THE DEFEAT OF LEE.

The Richmond papers conceal their great distress under a bold front. The *Whig* of the 8th says:

"The intelligence from Gen. Lee falls short of the promise of the despatches published yesterday, and will prove a grievous disappointment to the high-wrought hopes of the public. Superadded to the calamity at Vicksburg, it casts a sombre shadow over our affairs; but we must constantly bear in mind that it is in adversity that true greatness is revealed in its noblest attributes, and we must resolve that, come what may, the cause shall never go down, nor lack courageous hearts or stout arms enough to bear it on to a glorious triumph."

The *Dispatch*, in alluding to the fate of Lee's army, says:

"The telegraphs which have undertaken to give us the operations of Lee's army have been so inconsistent that we are not yet prepared to make a reliable sketch. We expect further news before going to press, which we suppose will be more definite and accurate, as time enough has now elapsed to allow ascertained truth to take the place of first reports. Some of the wounded participants in the Gettysburg battles have arrived here; but their observations were confined to their own part of the field, and they add but little to our information. They represent the fighting to have been very severe and sanguinary, but that we steadily drove the enemy for about five miles beyond Gettysburg, where we stormed some fortified eminences, but were unable to hold them.

"General Lee determined to fall back to Hagerstown, where, we understand, he had accumulated stores, ammunition, &c. The enemy, finding he had marched, *followed* the next morning. This is, we believe, the simple truth of his "rout" and "flight," and the vigorous "pursuit" of the victorious Federals. Our best information represents General Lee as perfectly secure at Hagerstown, with his gallant army around him, and ready to strike out as occasion invites. We presume the necessity of taking care of the numerous prisoners he had captured, and getting them safely into Virginia, had something to do with his march to Hagerstown. Lincoln had recently issued an order forbidding his captured soldiers from giving their parole, and hence they refused to be dismissed in that way. We hope they will be allowed the full benefit of the march to Richmond.

"As to the casualties in Lee's army, we are without further positive information, and we forbear to publish mere reports in a matter of such tenderness."

AN ARTICLE AGAINST DAVIS.

GROWLS OF A REBEL JOURNAL.—The Richmond *Examiner* of the 13th instant has a curious article on the failure of Stephens' mission to Washington. It says:

"Mr. President Davis' proclamations and pronunciamentos, his horrible threatenings and gloomy appeals, have been so often repeated that they are the scorn of the world. But never have they resulted in one solitary performance. He is very obstinate, very bitter, when he gets into a quarrel with some Southern officer over whom the law gives him temporary control. He is very firm indeed in maintaining a mission or a measure against the smothered indignation of a people who are compelled by their present unfortunate situation to support silently a great deal from their officials. But when his duty brings him into contact with the enemy he is gentle as the sucking dove. * * * "Mr. Stephens was sent to Washington with a letter of credence to Lincoln, and another of instructions to himself from President Davis. A good deal was said in this last letter about titles, &c., which looks pitiful enough; and the rest relating to the business on hand, amounts to this: that if the Federal Government will only vouchsafe a civil word or so, will say, for instance, that it would like to mitigate the horrors of war, the Confederate Government would be happy to indulge in boundless compassion for the two Yankee officers aforesaid. As to the two murdered Confederate officers in Kentucky, who feels compassion for them?

"The Vice President went on his errand as far as Hampton Roads; was stopped by the enemy's admiral there, to whom he signified his desire to open communication with the Federal Government; kept two days in his steaming on the water, and then dismissed with a flea in his ear.

"Now, who will deny that the Confederacy makes a sorrowful figure in this matter?"

THE FALL OF VICKSBURG.

The Richmond *Whig* of the 8th has several articles on the fall of Vicksburg, from which we make a few extracts.

What is most to be feared as the immediate result of the fall of Vicksburg is the conversion of the great army under Grant from a stationary into a moving force. From its organization, almost, it has been confined to the work of taking that city. It is now free to operate elsewhere. This is the evil against which the Government is now called to make the most energetic preparation. It is not difficult to imagine in what direction Grant will move, nor to estimate the effect of so powerful an army coming upon the field, with no corresponding accession on our side. This is the danger that presents the most serious grounds for alarm. It would be blindness not to see it, and imbecility not to put forth the most strenuous exertions to guard against it. We can only pray that those to whom the management of affairs is entrusted may be equal to the crisis.

The *Whig* says that the following official despatch was received at the War Department on Tuesday night:

JACKSON, July 7.

*Hon. J. A. Seddon, Secretary of War:*

Vicksburg capitulated on the 4th inst.

The garrison was paroled, and are to be returned to our lines, the officers retaining their side-arms and personal baggage.

This intelligence was brought by an officer who left the place on Sunday, the 5th.

J. E. JOHNSTON, General.

[From the Sentinel, July 10.]

JACKSON, July 7.—Vicksburg has fallen. It was surrendered on the morning of the 4th, the men being in a starving condition, and completely worn out with excessive fatigue. The terms of capitulation were that the officers should be allowed their side-arms, horses, and all their private property. They and the men were paroled, and immediately allowed to march out with all their colors.

Immediately after the surrender General Grant sent a boat-load of supplies to the famished garrison. Some of the officers have arrived here.

COUNT LEON PLATER EXECUTED.

The *Czas* publishes the following letter from Polish Livonia:

"The whole of Poland will utter a cry of lamentation on hearing of the death of Count Leon Plater, shot in the square of the Fortress of Dunaburg. This great patriot has stained with his blood the roll on which Count Henry, his grandfather, ambassador from the States of Livonia to Sigismund Augustus, King of Poland, took leave of his electors to the Starostie of Dunaburg, which for centuries, up to the partition of Poland, had belonged to his family. Leon Plater was only twenty-six years of age, and from the moment he fell into the hands of his executioners he suffered martyrdom. He died calm and resigned for the liberty of his country. In returning from the execution we entered a church where were assembled the desolated sisters of the murdered man, his family, and his friends, who had taken refuge near the altar, and were offering up their prayers. We admired the courageous mother of Leon Plater, who, seeing those around her bathed in tears, consoled them by saying, 'Do not weep, my dear friends; you see that I do not. I should have shed tears if my dear Leon had been afraid of the Muscovite condemnation. I went to give him my blessing; I prayed to God for him and with him.' It is only faith in the holiness of the cause that can inspire such heroic courage and perseverance. A nation which produces such characters cannot die in Muscovite chains. Twenty Russian soldiers guarded the venerated tomb, and were relieved at midnight. At one o'clock a cart came and conveyed it into the interior of the fortress, his body pierced with balls. It appears that he had been provisionally buried in the bastion which bears the name of Constantine."

FINE WRITING.—The finest bit of fine writing that has lately found its way into the London *Times*, is a sentimental rhapsody of its Richmond correspondent. Describing the incidents of the attack upon Charleston, he remarks that "the student of history, had he possessed calmness enough at such a moment, might have recalled Thucydides' thrilling description of the Piræus when the ill-starred Sicilian expedition went forth freighted with the prayers and aspirations of the entire population of Athens, impotent though they were to avert its inexorable doom."

The same writer observes, in regard to "the Yankee conception of the war," that

"Colossal contracts had to be issued, full flight given to the costly researches of empirical ingenuity, a vast continent cradled in the lap of fifty years of peace and unprecedented material prosperity, had to don the armor, and transfer its allegiance from Minerva to Bellona."

It is a great thing for a newspaper to possess correspondents with such powers of imagination as this writer displays. He is an ornament to any establishment, and his value is above that of rubies.—*Evening Post.*

**Forney's War Press.**

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

F O R N E Y ' S
WEEKLY
# "WAR PRESS."

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*THE CONSCRIPTION.*

Why should men take up arms and commit murder and arson because of the conscription? We all know that it is a necessary act, and that it was adopted as the last measure of self-preservation. In a time of war the necessity for new armies invariably surpasses the supply. In the first gush of martial feeling the people become soldiers by enthusiasm. They are charmed by the fife and the drum, the fascination of a new life, the danger to the country, and the feeling of pride which all patriots possess. The monotony of combat and sorrow for the dead, and extraordinary taxes, and the yearning for peace, which is after the healthy feeling of civilized communities, combine to take away the enthusiasm and appeal to the reason. This is a more tedious and uncertain process. Men do not reason rapidly nor, as armies. Men have families and homes, and interests, children and real estate, and, in looking upon public affairs, they arrive more rapidly at the conclusion that everybody else should go than that they should go themselves. They see and know that battles should be fought, but duty and love wrestle a weary time together before they believe they should go forth and fight them. So that in any war, no matter how popular, and just, and necessary, the time will come, if it is prolonged, when the State must make military service the first duty of every citizen. It is a high tribute to the loyalty of the people of America, that although an agricultural and business people, and with large interests at home, and, when compared with older countries, sparsely populated, that they have sustained the war with so much heartiness and good-will. It was not so in the South. Conscription was among the first measures of the Southern rebel leaders. They elevated treason into a cause, and took away the people from their homes to make war in its defence.

The Republic has merely resorted to conscription now, so to swell its armies that they may throw themselves upon the South and overwhelm it at once. It is an act of kindness and humanity. We have reduced the rebellion into a small and narrow compass—we have demoralized its forces and thrown dismay and suspicion upon its leaders. In this way we have conquered submission in the hearts of the Southern people and acquiescence on the part of those enemies in England who have made recognition their dream and hope. We have, in other words, compelled the cause of the rebellion to abandon its position. It is falling back and only requires a general advance along the whole line to utterly destroy it. It is possible that we have men enough in Tennessee and Mississippi and Virginia to meet and conquer any rebel army that may be in existence—but it is also possible that stern and bold exertions, a further enforcement of the conscription, and a general system of plunder and robbery, may succeed in giving new strength to the rebellion. Every hour that we give them is only another opportunity. And as the leaders of this insurrection are men in apprehension—who have forfeited their lives, and being men who have no wish to be rudely hanged—they will from the instinct of despairing pride and self-preservation, use these opportunities to give new strength to their cause. In throwing ourselves upon recent victories, and asking the armies of GRANT and MEADE to continue in their work and crush the rebellion without aid from home, we merely invite disaster to ourselves, and give the leaders of the South time to inflict such disaster. A conscription is merely telling the people that the rebellion is so nearly crushed and the end of the war so close at hand, that a general and unanimous effort will overwhelm the whole scheme in immediate discomfiture. A conscription is a defensive measure. Our armies have been weakened, and it may be that other invasions will be attempted. All who have seen the effects of the invasion of General LEE—all who have read of the devastation that was spread through the lower Pennsylvania counties—all who remember that many days have not passed since the shells of the enemy were falling into the peaceful and terror-stricken town of Carlisle—will see the dangers our victory has saved us from, and the necessity of a conscription to save us from such dangers in the future.

When men speak of the hardships and tyranny of the conscription, they should think of the greater hardship and tyranny that it will save them from. Is there any man, not a traitor or a coward, who would hesitate to take up arms if the sound of the enemy's artillery were heard in his own home? Remember, friends, that on the fourth day of July such a sound carried terror into many hundreds of happy Pennsylvania homes, and that before the fourth day of next July, if we hesitate and palter, and permit the rebels to regain strength, we may have a Gettysburg on the banks of the Schuylkill, while Philadelphia may be another Carlisle. Every appeal that can be made to the honor of man to defend his flag, his country, his fireside, the lives of himself and his children—every plea and inducement that eloquence can make may be offered in behalf of the conscription. It is the most sublime sacrifice a country can ask its sons to make—and in the present time it can hardly deserve the name of a sacrifice, for if proper energy and wisdom are shown in the management of our military affairs, the rebellion will be over and the conscripts at home again before the rustling corn is ripe and yellow.

*KING MOB.*

Chief among the tyrants whose sway has desolated nations, assuredly the most pitiless and most exacting is King Mob. The scenes which disgraced New York, last week, may be adduced in evidence of this. Notwithstanding the vigilance and loyalty and courage of the municipal authorities and of the military, New York, which boasts itself to be "the metropolis" of this vast empire, was a prey to rioters, robbers, incendiaries, and murderers during three days.

It is not difficult to excite the populace. Audacious oratory, which insinuates much more than it expresses, has great power over the masses. It speaks mildly enough, at first—it merely breaks ground, in a suggestive manner, and, when reported, exhibits little of the real poison it communicates. Its sentences become the text, (as in New York,) upon which such journals as the *World* and the *Herald*, the *Express* and the *Daily News*, expatiate at length and with frequency. Soon it becomes bolder and uses language more audacious. The disaffected newspapers follow in that wake, and are less timid in their utterances. Crafty ringleaders find their way into the homes and haunts of the populace, wickedly pouring evil counsel into the minds of these deluded persons, sometimes giving them money, generally promising that, when rioting occurs, they shall be permitted to enrich themselves by plunder, and satiate their passions by brutality. At last, when the pear is ripe, a pretext for action is readily found:

> "Some watchword for the fight
> Must vindicate the wrong or warp the right;
> Religion—freedom—vengeance—what you will,
> A word's enough to raise mankind to kill;
> Some factious phrase, by cunning caught and spread,
> That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed."

In the midst of the first day's riot, when it was considered necessary to give a fillip to the excitement of the mob, apparently satisfied for the moment, there was a call for a speech; and forthwith an orator was found, in the person of "Mr. ANDREWS, of Virginia," but now of Fort Lafayette—a ruffian who ought not to be suffered to cheat the gallows. This fellow told the dupes who listened and applauded, that they had acted nobly. This was after they had plundered houses, and then burnt them down, committed numerous murders, destroyed the Orphans' Asylum and dispersed the children, torn up the railway tracks, and generally broken almost every law in the decalogue. *This*, in the orator's eyes, was acting nobly; and he then pressed them to organize, to keep together, to appoint leaders, "and crush this damned Abolition draft into the dust;" and then he swore, "by Heaven, if you don't find any one to lead you, I will do it myself!" Yet, two or three days later, when this self-instituted generalissimo was "wanted" by the police, he was found, trembling and pallid, hidden away in a woman's attic, seeking safety in concealment.

In fact, the persons who urge the populace into crime, usually take care of themselves. They make the bullets for others to fire. If VALLANDIGHAM had talked the people of Ohio into revolt against the Executive, the Constitution, and the Government of the United States, we may be sure that he would have managed not to be on hand when the violence was being done, when personal danger was to be apprehended. A time will come when the leaders in the New York riots will be called to account and punished by the laws which they have violated—but the *real* instigators, the traitorous speechmakers and writers, will probably escape. This is almost invariably the case, but the people do not experience that it is so, until too late.

To get up a popular excitement against the law and its action is by no means difficult. But thoughtful men, who may have the power, will pause ere they exercise it—will hesitate before, like FRANKENSTEIN, they create a Monster which, ere long, will destroy all that is nearest and dearest to them. Thus, the cry "resist the draft," placed New York in the hands of a brutal mob for three days, and (to borrow an example from history,) a few ill-advised words spoken by that fanatic fool, Lord GEORGE GORDON, to the Protestant Association, caused the "No Popery" Riots of 1780, during which London was a victim to the mob for four days, and the injury done to property exceeded $2,000,000, at the lowest estimate. Let the populace once be started into a riot, no matter what the pretext, and havoc, robbery, arson, and murder are almost inevitable. The first popular tumult of any importance in Paris, in 1789, was that got up for the destruction of the Bastile—even that was stained with massacre—and created all the succeeding excesses which disgraced the French Revolution. Once call up the foul fiend of Riot, and no power can lay it, without a sacrifice of blood.

For our own part, after what has just occurred in New York,—to be strongly contrasted with the loyalty and good conduct of Philadelphia at the corresponding period,—we are not disposed to acknowledge the metropolitan supremacy of that city. Two years ago FERNANDO WOOD seriously suggested that it should be proclaimed a free city, (like Hamburg and a few smaller places in Germany,) evidently hoping that the new civic republic would place him at its head. We have no faith in Mr. WOOD's power of government. As Mayor of New York, all sorts of political corruption and pecuniary plundering gave notoriety to his administration. Now, in a more private sphere, yet with a certain prestige as Member of Congress, to say nothing of his influence over a large number of the population, what steps did he take to suppress the riots? He said nothing, he did nothing. He would play the part of MIRABEAU, but nature intended him to be only a ROBESPIERRE. He assisted to enthrone and crown King Mob, and is helpless in the hands of the tyrant he invoked.

*THE STATE OF EUROPE.*

Peace or war in Europe is a question of great importance to us at all times, but particularly at present, when it is believed that England and France are only awaiting a plausible pretext for interfering in our affairs, and when it is reported that Spain is to be, or has been, solicited to join in that meddling movement. NAPOLEON and PALMERSTON, however, will have so much to do, should war break out in Europe, that they would be compelled to leave us to ourselves, in that case. Let us see what the situation is, across the Atlantic. Italy continues in what may be called a transition state. VICTOR EMMANUEL is fighting with a great enemy in the Kingdom of Naples,—with brigandage, which may be considered a permanent institution of Southern Italy,—and this fully employs him, at present—though he would prefer making a dash at Rome and Venetia. Neither of these coveted places is likely, at present, to come into his possession. NAPOLEON, who calls himself "oldest son of the church" (the title of the CAPET line of French Kings,) maintains the temporality of the Pope in Rome, nor is at all likely to withdraw a protectorate which, however costly, gives him great weight among the Catholic Powers of the world. The Emperor of Austria is in a better condition to contend for the continued occupation of Venice than he ever before has been, and will hold his own there—while it pleases him so to do. Venetia may ultimately become part of the newly-constituted Kingdom of Italy, to which it geographically belongs; but this is more likely to be effected by treaty than by arms. Under the circumstances, Austria might be induced, "for a con-si-de-ra-tion," as old TRAPBOIS hath it, to relinquish Venetia, which he has found a permanently disaffected province, costly to the Empire, and to be surrendered without the loss of *prestige*, inasmuch as it never was part of the hereditary possessions of the Empire (as Lombardy was,) but was first ceded to Austria, by the treaty of Campo Formio, in October, 1797.

When mention is made of Austria, it is gratifying to observe how much the condition of that great empire has improved of late. Two or three years ago the general expectation was that Hungary would speedily revolt, assert her nationality, (she was a powerful monarchy nearly two hundred years before the Emperor FREDERICK BARBAROSSA erected Austria into a duchy,) and endeavor to resume a position among the independent sovereignties of Europe. At that time, to confess the truth, Hungary was miserably governed, and Austria had no right to expect any thing but disaffection. The Emperor of Austria, though a young man, was accessible to good advice, and proceeded to put himself right with all his people by granting them a liberal Constitution. He has adhered to it, despite of much obstruction on one side, and much distrust on the other. He created free speech, representative Government, and the responsibility of the Ministry to the nation, and the Bohemians and Hungarians have begun to perceive that what he promised is a reality. The consequence is, disaffection is dying out, the finances are getting into a wholesome condition, the national expenditure has been reduced, the Debt has not been increased, and Austria, becoming richer and stronger, once more has a voice potential in Europe. When some further reforms are effected, such as the general introduction of trial by jury, changes in the criminal law, alterations in the bankruptcy law, and simplifications in criminal procedure, all of which are now before the Reichsrath, or Parliament, Austria will be one of the freest countries in continental Europe. Up to this time, Hungary has not sent representatives to the parliament of Austria, (neither has Transylvania, we believe,) but pass a little time, and even Hungary, notwithstanding her recollection of her own parliament and ancient independence, can no longer remain isolated.

The condition of Prussia is such as to prevent her affording any substantial aid to Russia, in case that the Czar should be driven into war with France, or England, or both. The Prussians—a quiet, humble, patient, and law-abiding people—have literally been goaded into something closely verging on revolt, and it is entirely upon the cards that, as the last straw broke the camel's back, one more high-handed manifestation on the part of their foolish King may end in his being irrevocably exiled. Fortunately, his son, a young man of liberal views, is unequivocally opposed to the parental folly which has thrown one of the finest Kingdoms of Europe into a political crisis which now verges on Revolution.

France continues, like a tiger, ready to make a spring upon some foe. The traditions of that country are so military that every now and then war is commenced, acting as a sort of safety-valve to the seething cauldron of agitation which, ever since 1789, has been almost perpetually in a state of dangerous ebullition. The French rapacity for "glory" continues unabated, and the army expects a war with Russia, as a matter of course. The recollection of the elder NAPOLEON's terrible discomfiture in 1812, when he invaded Russia with the greatest army ever sent to the field, may contribute to the popular desire of France to war with the Czar.

Whether or not this shall be, this war depends wholly upon the reply which the Czar may make to the joint representations of France, England, and Austria—representations which, indeed, are sufficiently strong to deserve to be considered as the ultimatum of these Powers. Certain concessions to Poland are suggested, which, it is alleged, would put an end to the revolution there if the Poles were satisfied that the Czar intends, if granted, to carry them out with good faith and frank loyalty. By these, Poland would continue part of the Prussian empire, (virtually so, at last,) but with a sort of political independence, with freedom of religion and language, with a native legislature, and with native functionaries in the Government, the public offices, and the courts of judicature. The Czar has not yet made a reply to the three notes of remonstrance sent to him. Some of the foreign journals pretend to know that the reply will be so far favorable as to consent to the propositions being made the basis of an arrangement, at a convention. But the difficulty would be this: The Poles, certainly, will not lay down their arms while their affairs are being deliberated upon by a dozen diplomatists, sitting round a green-covered table in Paris, London, or Vienna. Nor is it to be expected that the Czar would readily consent to make the concessions to Poland, with arms in her hands, which he refused before she broke into revolt. It would be a humiliation in the eyes of Europe and before his own subjects.

Should he decline being thus humiliated, his negative response to the three great Powers will throw upon them the responsibility of showing him that they meant what they said. Austria, it is believed, will not go to extremities against Prussia,—her expected policy is that semi-neutrality which she maintained during the War in the Crimea. England will use every effort to avoid being again seduced, by France, into hostilities with Russia. Will France rush, single-handed, into such a strife? It so, with what purpose? NAPOLEON has a habit of paying his war expenses by making friend or foe give him an equivalent in cash or territory. What can he desire from Russia? Let the war begin, and England cannot help drifting into it, as in 1854.

*THE MATAMOROS TRADE.*

It is during time of war, especially, that the rights of neutrals are apt to be confused with the advantages of neutrals, and for this reason the United States cannot too jealously watch the movements of neutral Powers. It is the duty of the Government to at once rebuke and expose any attempt to make pretended rights of neutral vessels the cloak of contraband trade. Such attempts have recently been made by British merchants, who have sent to the neutral port of Matamoros enormous quantities of goods, ostensibly for Mexican consumption, but really for the use of the rebellion. Opposite Matamoros, on the east bank of the Rio Grande is the Texan town of Brownsville, held by a rebel force under the command of General BEE. To this port the cargoes of most of the European vessels which sail for Matamoros are actually consigned, and the Government, not having the power to interfere with trade in neutral waters, has been obliged to correct the evil elsewhere. Vessels suspected of bearing "contraband of war" are searched by its orders, and the case of every supposed criminal is tried by the tribunal recognized as competent authority by international law. It was in this way that the Peterhoff was seized on her way to Matamoros with a cargo believed to be intended for the benefit of the rebellion. This arrest has given rise to a correspondence between Earl RUSSELL and Mr. SEWARD, which has recently been issued by the British Foreign Office, and is of especial importance. Out of differences slighter than this great wars have grown; and though we do not think the British Government bold enough to make the legitimate action of the United States a pretext for hostilities, yet it certainly made it an excuse for a decided threat. Mr. SEWARD's able reply to Earl RUSSELL, through Lord LYONS, places the disputed question in so clear a light that the British Government cannot fail to see the justice of our position.

Earl RUSSELL, in his despatch to Lord LYONS, declared that "if it should appear that from jealousy of trade, or unjust suspicion of contraband, or any other motive, the British trade were deliberately and systematically made subject to vexatious capture and arbitrary interference, it is obvious that Great Britain must interfere to protect her flag," and requested that the determination to interfere, in that case, should be communicated to the United States Government. It is very well that Earl RUSSELL rested this warning threat upon a contingency, for Mr. SEWARD, in his answer, plainly shows that the British trade is not "deliberately and systematically subjected to vexatious capture and arbitrary interference," and that it would be superfluous for Great Britain to interfere for the protection of her flag, inasmuch as its honor is not at all in danger. The letter of the Secretary of State also disclaims, in dignified denial which does not condescend to argument, the jealousies and unjust suspicions which the despatch of Earl RUSSELL hints may have instigated the action of the American Government. On the contrary, it establishes the fact that the United States has acted upon grounds of absolute legality, and that while it will religiously observe the rights of neutrals, it is firmly resolved that such rights shall not be made a pretext for aiding its enemies. As is usual in all of Mr. SEWARD's official statements, the subject is analyzed, and illustrated with skill and beauty, which at once place the facts beyond doubt, and is then argued with a force which makes reply almost impossible. His letter to Lord LYONS, while it concedes no principle essential to the national interests, is not calculated to provoke further trouble, but rather to restore unity of opinion. "It cannot be conceded," says Mr. SEWARD, "by the American Government, nor claimed by Great Britain, that some British vessels may not be fraudulently engaged in an ostensible trade between British ports and Matamoros, in conveying supplies to the insurgents of the United States." He calls attention to the fact that the British trade with Matamoros has but recently become important. "Suddenly and quickly as palaces, cities, states or empires rise in the tales of the *Arabian Nights*, under the waving of a wand or the utterance of a spell, that trade rose from a petty barter to a commerce that engaged the mercantile activity of Liverpool and London. Simultaneously, roads across the interior of Texas were covered with caravans; the cotton of disloyal citizens in the insurrectionary region became all at once the property of the treasonable conspiracy against the Union, and was hypothecated by the agents for a foreign loan to satisfy obligations contracted by them in the fitting out and equipping and clearing from British ports of steam naval expeditions to destroy the commerce of the United States."

These facts are sufficiently significant, and the inference of the Secretary, that the United States is justified in regarding them as sufficient proof that this unprecedented trade with Matamoros is but the cloak of contraband commerce with the rebels, is supported by all the known truths. It would not be impossible to show that Mexican needs fall far short of the supply which it is pretended Matamoros receives, nor unreasonable to argue the absurdity of the pretext that so poor a nation would import more goods than she could possibly use. Nor is it irrelevant to remind our readers of the fact that the vessels in the pretended Matamoros trade convey the very articles of which the rebellion is chiefly in want. And when we remember that the Solicitor General, in a late Parliamentary debate, pointed out to those gentlemen who wished the seizure of the Peterhoff condemned as an outrage on British rights, the admirable facilities of the port of Matamoros for carrying on a contraband trade, and that Mr. COBDEN declared that it was unreasonable to assume that England was the aggrieved party, we may confidently believe that Mr. SEWARD's argument will, of necessity, be admitted by the very men to whom it is least welcome. It is also evident that, so far as the rights of neutrals are concerned, the United States Government stands in the attitude of their protector; for in preventing their abuse, it certainly guaranties that they shall be respected.

*THE FALL OF PORT HUDSON.*

By the fall of Port Hudson the Mississippi river is freed from the power of the rebellion, and by the freedom of the Mississippi the Confederacy is cut in two parts, from Kentucky to the Gulf. There is no longer any doubt that the Government has achieved that great task to which it applied the whole strength of our armies in the Southwest. Gen. BANKS has announced the unconditional surrender of Port Hudson, and the whole nation knows this triumph to be the blow which strikes to the very heart of the rebellion. It would be almost impossible to over-estimate the value of the recent great victories on the Mississippi. The Army of Northern Virginia may be the bold advanced right arm of the rebellion, but it is paralyzed now, not only by the blow struck by MEADE, but by the wounds the great body has received. The real power of the South was derived from the possession of the mighty river, and while the river was held, no coast-blockade, however effective, could starve it into submission. From the vast territory west of the Mississippi the rebellion was fed, and under the protection of Vicksburg and Port Hudson immense quantities of military stores, ammunition, and arms were brought from Europe. This contraband trade is now peremptorily stopped. Richmond looks in vain to the West, and sees no longer aid coming from the sunset. An impenetrable wall has suddenly been upbuilt along that vast frontier; the doors of the prison-house are shut. The rebellion is locked up in a land which is not self-sustaining, and must rapidly fail in consequence of its inherent weakness. On one side it is pressed by the whole power of the loyal North; on another it is threatened by the great armies of GRANT and BANKS, and elsewhere "compassed by the inviolate sea." It has neither succor nor escape.

The capture of Port Hudson, and the brilliant events which immediately preceded it, are final victories, which cannot be undone. The advantage the rebellion has lost it cannot possibly regain. Never again will it possess a stronghold on the Mississippi river, and from New Orleans to St. Louis the flag of the United States waves without fear of any foe. We know the importance of our triumph, for JEFFERSON DAVIS ingenuously admitted in his appeal to the people of the South, that the decisive battles of the war would be those fought for the possession of Vicksburg and Port Hudson. But it needed not his assurance to inform us that with their fall the rebellion has fallen to the position of an insurrection merely. All the States west of the river are virtually at the feet of the Government, and there they must remain. While the Confederacy maintained its western frontier, it could boast, at least, of its unbroken power. It can boast no longer. The opening of the Mississippi is, beyond a shadow of doubt, the ruin of the great rebellion, and history will record the 10th of July as the day on which the blow of death was dealt.

THE soldierly feeling existing between Generals Banks and Grant is illustrated in the fact that Gen. Grant, at a certain crisis in his operations, invited Gen. Banks to come up the river with his command and join him. "Tell Banks," said Grant, "there will be no quarrel between us about rank."

**PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.**

**A Day of Thanksgiving and Prayer.**

WASHINGTON, July 15.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:

A PROCLAMATION.

It has pleased Almighty God to hearken to the supplications and prayers of an afflicted people, and to vouchsafe to the Army and the Navy of the United States victories on land and on the sea, so signal and so effective as to furnish reasonable grounds for augmented confidence that the Union of these States will be sustained, their Constitution preserved, and their peace and prosperity permanently restored.

But these victories have been accorded not without sacrifices of life, limb, health, and liberty, incurred by brave, loyal, and patriotic citizens. Domestic afflictions in every part of the country follow in the train of these fearful bereavements. It is meet and right to recognize and confess the presence of the Almighty Father, and the power of His hand equally in these triumphs and these sorrows.

*Now, therefore, be it known*, That I do set apart Thursday, the 6th day of August next, to be observed as a day of national thanksgiving, praise, and prayer, and I invite the people of the United States to assemble on that occasion in their customary places of worship, and in the forms approved by their own consciences, and render the homage due to the Divine Majesty for the wonderful things He has done in the nation's behalf, and invoke the influence of His holy spirit to subdue the anger which has produced and so long sustained a needless and cruel rebellion, to change the hearts of the insurgents; to guide the counsels of the Government with wisdom adequate to so great a national emergency, and to visit with tender care and consolation throughout the length and breadth of our land all those who, through the vicissitudes of marches, voyages, battles, and sieges, have been brought to suffer in mind, body, or estate, and finally to lead the whole nation, through the paths of repentance and submission to the Divine will, back to the perfect enjoyment of Union and fraternal peace.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this, the 15th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-eighth.

[L. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

**A LETTER FROM PARSON BROWNLOW.**

NASHVILLE, July 13, 1863.

*To the Editor of The Press:*

SIR: Being constantly employed, I have but little leisure for writing. Still, I send you this brief epistle to show you, in part, what is going on among us here. The "glorious Fourth" was never celebrated here upon a more extensive and patriotic scale. The music, the banners, the procession, and the march to the Grove, were all grand beyond description, and upon a scale equal to the occasion. Professor McCoy delivered the oration, and occupied a space of two hours and a half. The address was well received.

In our neighboring town of Edgefield, just over the Cumberland river, there was a second celebration going on, largely attended, and the Hon Horace Maynard delivered the oration, an effort characterized by his usual ability, giving entire satisfaction. There were thousands in attendance, both of citizens and soldiers, and everything went off in fine style.

There was a third celebration, which in interest and novelty far excelled the other two. There were about 1,600 to 2,000 "American citizens of African descent" in a procession, with music, banners, and sashes displayed. One of these, the servant of Mr. French, of this city, who reads and writes very well, read the Declaration of Independence, and commented on it, as he progressed. When he came to the sentence, "all men are born free and equal," he exclaimed that this doctrine had been proclaimed a great many years ago, but had never been acted out until recently!

The *negro* question has greatly changed in its tone, purposes, and progress, in this quarter; and many native-born Tennessee slaveholders are out and out in favor of destroying the institution. Indeed, well-informed men agree that the South has destroyed slavery by bringing on this rebellion. The slaves themselves are becoming bold and defiant. But the other day, the sister of Mrs. Geo. Darrow undertook to correct her negro woman for disobedience, when the servant girl turned upon her and actually chastised her! A Mr. Sharp, a Secession school-teacher, undertook to chastise a negro man for personal insolence, when the negro knocked him down and stamped him. This was on the 4th, the negro quoting the Declaration, "all men are born free and equal." So we are having it all over the South. I call it *negro rights!*

Our State Convention was well attended, not less than two hundred members being present, and hailing from more than forty counties. We had harmony and talents in the convention, and called upon the Governor to issue writs of election so as to convene a loyal Legislature at as early a day as practicable. We are getting the rebels out of Middle and West Tennessee, and as soon as we can expel them from East Tennessee, we shall rebuild the fabric of civil society, drive from power and place all rebel villains and demagogues, and restore law and order.

So far as the rebellion is concerned, it is thought to be on its last legs. You are doing a good job for the rebels in Pennsylvania, Grant has ruined them in the South, and Rosecrans is on middle ground, driving them into Georgia. There never was such a chase on earth as our army had after Bragg's rebel forces. They fled in every direction, in wild confusion, and more terror-stricken than if the devil had been after them. They left guns, side-arms, blankets, hats, caps, canteens, knapsacks, haversacks, horses, wagons, saddles, cooking utensils and everything they possessed, strewn along the road and in the woods. They took to the bushes in wild confusion, and panic-stricken; hundreds plunged into Duck river, and hundreds were drowned. Fifty rebels have been picked out of one hole in Duck river, near Shelbyville.

The tyrant and beast, Bragg, went in advance of his demoralized army, to prepare quarters and rations for them. The retreat was conducted by the *Right Reverend Major General Bishop Leonidas Polk*, who, with his prayer book in one hand, and a bottle of liquor in the other, and eyes lifted toward heaven, asked the blessing of God upon his *retreat*, and that of Davis upon his army! But on they went, and they are going yet! They have crossed the Tennessee river, and destroyed the great bridge at Bridgeport. If they make any stand at all, *my opinion is*, it will not be this side of Atlanta. There they will be reinforced by Jo Johnston and the remnant of Lee's army.

Thousands of Bragg's men have deserted—some taking to the mountains of Middle Tennessee, and some coming into our lines, giving themselves up, and going into our ranks. Two of our regiments recruited *fifty* of them in one day last week, among whom is Lieut. Runde, a son of the old East Tennessee Congressman. I have conversed with young Runde, for he was once an apprentice to the printing business in my office in Knoxville. He tells me there are 10,000 of Bragg's army disposed to desert, and resolved not to leave Tennessee. On the retreat, they placed all the Tennessee conscripts in front, and drove them before the Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi troops. Runde was a conscript, caught in the attempt to bring a company into Kentucky, some eight months ago.

Last night, between the hours of nine and ten, an attempt was made to assassinate Dr. Peters, the man who killed Van Dorn. Dr. Peters is boarding at the same house I am, and I was in conversation with him, Mr. Maynard, and others, on a long portico, in front of our rooms, from tea time until we dispersed to go to bed. My room is on the floor above his, and I distinctly heard the crack of the pistol. He had gone to bed, and the assassin fired at his head, through the window, from the portico, missing his head but a few inches. The miscreant made his escape, and is evidently in the employ of Van Dorn's friends, or of that villainous file who composed his staff, and who published a false card, concealing facts and expressing *falsehoods*, in all that relates to that affair. The hope is, by the death of Dr. Peters, to prevent the publication of the facts in the case, and of such *documents* as he holds, in the handwriting of Van Dorn. Had they murdered the Doctor they would have failed in this, for he has deposited with a friend the documents, sealed up, requesting their publication in the event he is assassinated.

The great question with us is, when will East Tennessee be redeemed? It will astonish my friends in the loyal States when I tell them, as I now do, that East Tennessee has *twenty thousand* men in the Federal army, and twenty thousand more ready to join them when they are furnished with arms, and released from the caves in the mountains and the jails in the South. Neither Massachusetts nor Vermont is more loyal to the Government than is East Tennessee—glorious East Tennessee. May her Union citizens live forever! And may her hills, valleys and streams live in song and in story, when Old Time is dead and gone!

I am, sir, yours respectfully,

W. G. BROWNLOW.

# CITY INTELLIGENCE.

## FOUR DAYS SPENT ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF GETTYSBURG.

BY REV. E. W. HUTTER.

[Reported for The Press.]

On Sabbath evening last, in St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, New street, in the presence of a very large and appreciative audience, the pastor, Rev. E. W. Hutter, delivered an interesting account of what he had witnessed during four days' service on the battle-fields of Gettysburg and vicinity. The speaker said it was not his purpose to preach a sermon, (hence he would take no text,) but rather to make a statement, with such inculcations and deductions as would serve to render the subject profitable, and stimulate the audience to works of benevolence and duty. He said that in company with seven others he had reached Gettysburg, in the way sinners get to heaven, "through much tribulation," the party having first gone to Harrisburg with fifty-two boxes of stores for the sick and wounded, with all of which they had been obliged to return to Philadelphia, and from hence to Gettysburg via Baltimore and the Hanover junction. From the latter place, ladies and all had been obliged to travel nearly all night in burthen-cars, with bags of Government oats serving them as seats. We will furnish the rest of the Rev. gentleman's address, for the sake of convenience, under appropriate heads.

WHO OUGHT TO VISIT GETTYSBURG—AND WHO NOT.

The speaker and his party had taken with them, and distributed, *in person*, among the wounded, an immense quantity of clothing, refreshments, and edibles. To do this they were opportunely enabled by the great success of table No. 14 of the floral fair recently held at Concert Hall, of which *two thousand dollars* were appropriated to this object. No one of proper sensibilities would go there merely to gratify a morbid curiosity. This exhibits a most vitiated and depraved taste. All such are worse than useless. They are mere cumberers of the ground, and constitute an army of consumers. And these sight-seers, too, are the greatest croakers conceivable. They are the first to complain of inadequate accommodations, to curse the Government and the citizens, when they have no business to be there at all. Unless, therefore, the object be to seek after loved ones, or, in imitation of the Master, "go about doing good," this class of visitors had better all remain *at home*.

THE HORRORS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The Rev. speaker said he had no desire unnecessarily to excite the sensibilities of his audience by any attempt to present a graphic delineation of the horrible scenes he had witnessed. This would be an unprofitable employment. To be realized, however, in the remotest degree, these horrors must be seen. Hearing of them only at a distance, or reading of them in the newspapers, men accustom themselves to regard war as little more than a splendid game, a proclamation, two contending armies, a battle, a defeat, and a victory. But the case is altered when war is brought to our doors. Then to exaggerate its horrors, there can exist no temptation. To the *reality* of the frightful scenes in and around Gettysburg no paint of fiction or depth of coloring could approach. The sight had sent a pang of shuddering through his frame. A fortnight ago the sun had shone on no lovelier spot than Gettysburg, especially dear to every Lutheran heart, because the seat of her own ancient and revered institutions. Now its fruitfulness and happiness are, for the present, gone! Through those streets, and over those fertile fields, two ravaging armies have passed, confronting each other not to draw closer the bond of brotherhood, but to renounce it, and hew each other down with murderous weapons. Oh, what a scene those hospital-tents furnish! Thousands of stalwart men weltering in blood, their bodies mangled, their limbs shattered, and from many almost every vestige of the human form and countenance departed! Humanity shudders at the scene, and Pity draws over it a veil.

THE CONFIDENCE OF THE REBELS—AND THE IMPORTANCE OF THE UNION VICTORY.

It is the concurrent testimony of all the people of Gettysburg, that when the rebel army first entered the town, they were confident and defiant beyond measure. Gen. Early was heard more than once in the streets to exclaim: "Wait a day or two and we will show you what *rebels* can do. We have a small job on hand that will take us only a few hours to attend to, viz: to dispatch the remnant of Joe Hooker's broken-down army. *That* done, then hurrah boys! Then Baltimore is ours! Washington is our's! Harrisburg and Lancaster fall into our hands, and Philadelphia becomes our head-quarters! Then we will make the Quaker's howl! Then Philadelphia herself pays our share of the expense of the war, and in case of failure, we shall fire the four corners, and reduce it to ashes!" Such was the general braggadocia tone of the rebels. Said the redoubtable Barksdale: "*We* never have been whipped, and never can nor will be." And no one who was an eye-witness to their imperious insolence can for a moment doubt that, had they been successful, *Philadelphia this day would exist only in name, and Ichabod would be written on the very door-posts of the nation!* Under God, we owe our salvation to the brave Army of the Potomac! For these noble men, then, how is it possible, in our efforts to relieve their suffering, to transcend the bounds of moderation! It was that brave army, with their accomplished General, that made a dash in the reckoning, and taught the insolent braggarts that "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

THE DESPERATE CHARACTER OF THE STRUGGLE.

It is doubtful whether Thermopylæ or Marathon elicited nobler deeds of daring than did the battle of Gettysburg. To *both* sides it was patent that it was for life or death. Had the fight continued where it was begun, on Seminary Hill, it would have inevitably resulted in the success of the rebels, for two reasons: First, the advantage to them of position; and secondly, the Seminary, filled with *our* wounded, being between the forces. Before our side could dislodge the enemy we would have had to slay our own noble wounded. But by a most dexterous and soldierly movement, Gen. Meade, by an apparent wavering and retirement of his army, transferred the main battle to Cemetery Hill, on the other side of the town, where the most extensive and formidable breastworks had been thrown up. And here the shot and shell fell thick and fast as hail. Here the forest trees were swept as by a storm. The rebels fought with the desperation of fiends, but they were confronted by our brave legions, who mowed them down as the scythe levels the grass.

HOW UNION SOLDIERS BEAR THEIR SUFFERINGS.

If war has its horrors, it also has its nobler and better developments. Having mingled freely among the wounded, passed from tent to tent, proffering them refreshments, and conversing with them, the speaker was much impressed with the heroic fortitude of these brave men. From the Union soldiers, not a murmur of discontent did he hear—not a regret from any one that he had gone to the war. All are soothed and sustained by an unfaltering confidence in God, and in the righteousness of their cause.

THE REBELS NOT NEAR SO COMPOSED.

The speaker said he had been forcibly struck with the difference in this respect between the Union and rebel soldiers. The latter exhibited much more distress, and express themselves heartily sick of the war. Some there are, it is true, who even in the most abject misery are bold and defiant, but the mass are greatly subdued, and confess that their cause is hopeless. This is especially the case with the men from *North* Carolina. The speaker had spent much time in carrying supplies to the rebels, and in every instance did the North Carolina men express their attachment to the old Union, and declare that they were compelled, at the point of the bayonet, to take up arms against it. They even charge that, in many instances, they *have been shot by their own men*. In one tent we saw ten North Carolinians badly wounded. We gave them to eat and drink, and said, "It affords me pleasure to wait on the men of North Carolina, for I believe *she*, at no distant day, will return to the Union." "*God grant it!*" shouted one. "*Amen! Amen!*" shouted all the tent.

RECIPROCAL KINDNESS OF THE WOUNDED.

This is most remarkable. The speaker had never known a class of men among whom there existed fewer rivalries or jealousies. Indeed, he had not discovered any. They seem "in honor to *prefer* one another." Again and again, when approached with refreshments, they would say: "I thank you, good friend. If you have enough and to spare, I will accept it with gratitude; but if you lack, take it to others, for there are many much needier than myself." Their gratitude for benefits received is also very marked.

THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CONTRAST OF THE TWO ARMIES.

It would be a slander to assert that there are no moral men, or religious, among the rebels. The contrary is the fact. The pietism of many borders rather on fanaticism. They religiously believe they are right, but are not the less mistaken. So do Jews, Turks, and Mahommedans believe that *they* are right—and yet, if they should take up arms against our holy Christianity, their sincerity would prove no shield to them. Force would have to be repelled by force. They are, nevertheless, the blind dupes of wicked and selfish men, and engaged in doing the Devil's own worst work. But it is equally a slander, to assert that the rebels, as such, have a deeper flow of piety, and more of it, than our own brave and good men. And as to general intelligence, the rebels are vastly, vastly *inferior*. The mass of them, on general topics, are lamentably *ignorant*—the "poor white trash of the South," as the aristocratic cotton-lords term them—and this very ignorance is one secret of the success of the leaders in instigating them to rebellion. They read no newspapers, and the truth is habitually concealed from them. I met a good-looking young Georgian who had been in the army two years, and who, when I spoke to him of New Orleans, Nashville, Memphis, and other places being in our possession, said, "*I do not believe a word of it—they are all Yankee lies!*"

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

Some of the scenes witnessed on and near the battle-ground, are singularly solemn and impressive. We will relate one: In passing among the tents, we came to a young man from Eastern Virginia, not over nineteen years old. We offered him food and drinks. "Oh," said he, in a hollow, sepulchral tone: "It is nothing that I need for my *body*. I am shot through the lungs. The doctor has just been here, and says mortification has set in, and that I cannot live many hours. Can you do nothing for my poor soul? Oh, that I had a hope of heaven—but my heart is so hard and I cannot feel that Jesus has forgiven my sins. Oh, Jesus! Jesus! help me." We pointed the dying youth to the Lamb of God, knelt at his side on the damp earth, and offered a prayer. The ladies of our party came and sang, "Alas, and did my Saviour bleed," with the chorus, "Oh, Lord, remember me." Then the young rebel folded his hands on his breast and prayed fervently. We could not remain to see him breathe his last, for hundreds of others were dying around him, and they had a claim on our affection, too.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN GRIFFITH.

An affecting scene, too, was the death of this brave man, of Baxter's Zouaves, of our own city. He was mortally wounded, and carried to a private residence in the town. His commanding general, the brave Howard, came to his side. They loved each other as brothers. When the General saw his favorite captain sinking into the arms of death he fell on his neck, kissed him, and burst into a flood of tears. Recovering his self-possession, the Christian General read to the dying captain a part of the 14th chapter of John's Gospel, and then offered a fervent and impressive prayer. In a few moments the spirit of the brave captain had fled, when the General again burst into tears, wringing his hands and exclaiming, "Oh, that *I* had died instead of *he*. He was such a *brave* and a *true* man."

AN AFFECTING FUNERAL.

We witnessed, in an open field, within sight of hospital tents containing 2,500 wounded, the burial of *eight* Union soldiers. They were laid side by side in a trench, their blankets serving as coffins, and several hundred spectators surrounding the place of interment. Oh, how grave the words of the chaplain; how affecting his earnest and eloquent prayer; how indescribably solemn the scene!

THE COUNTRY AROUND A VAST GRAVE-YARD.

Hundreds of accessions has the Gettysburg Cemetery received within these memorable days. In one place we counted over *one hundred* graves of New York volunteers, the names of the brave men all inscribed on simple head-boards. In close proximity lie *fifty-six* rebels in one trench, and not far off *forty-two* more, without a solitary *name* inscribed. The *spot* itself is designated by a board nailed against the tree, with the inscription that here lie so many rebels. Several soldiers are buried within arm's length of Dr. Krauth's rear door. The Seminary grounds and Dr. Schmucker's garden contain a number, and thus it is all through the country, within a circuit of eight or ten miles. *It is a vast burial ground.*

SAVED A REBEL SOLDIER FROM DROWNING.

On last Sabbath afternoon we were at the hospital tents of the army corps No. 2, when a violent thunder-gust prevailed. The rain fell in torrents. We were in comfortable quarters in the tent of the Christian Commission when we recollected that some fifty or sixty rebels were lying at the foot of a hill close by. Prompted by motives of humanity, we went to look after them. Oh, what a scene! There they lay in the drenching rain, in all their filth and wounds, without cover or shelter. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed one, "won't you gentlemen hold your umbrella over me, *I am drowning!*" A stream of water was rushing into his mouth. We shielded him with our umbrella until ourselves drenched to the skin, when we elevated his head on a pillow made of a cast-off army coat, and were compelled to leave him.

UNFOUNDED COMPLAINTS.

Most, if not all, of the complaints made against the Government and citizens are unfounded. They do all in their power to relieve the sufferers as fast as possible, and no community has done more than the people of Gettysburg. But, when it is borne in mind that they themselves were "eaten out" by the rebels, their horses stolen, their stores robbed, and the place literally stripped of its means, every allowance ought to be made. We have observed it as an almost invariable rule, that the loudest croakers against the Government and citizens are those who do not themselves turn a *finger* to relieve the sufferers. They come as mere selfish sight-seers, and if not rolled from place to place on plush seats, indulge in bitter invective. *Who sent for them?*

CONCLUDING THOUGHTS.

At the close of his varied and interesting statement, attentively listened to throughout, Rev. Hutter remarked that the thoughts uppermost in his mind, since his return from Gettysburg, have been the following:

I. The gigantic and heaven-daring wickedness of the *Southern* demagogues and politicians, by whom, and by whom *alone*, this cruel and desolating war has been inaugurated. *On their* heads, in the sight of God and man, rest the guilt and responsibility of every drop of blood that has been shed, North and South. Gigantic crime! Horrible iniquity! To characterize it, as it deserves, defies the descriptive energies of language.

II. The infinitely augmented value of the Union and institutions, founded and formed by our fathers. By the duty we owe to ourselves, our posterity, to God and mankind, let us, on ten thousand holy altars, swear renewed fealty to them, intermitting no sacrifice, until the hydra-headed rebellion shall have been effectually and forever "*crushed out*."

III. The deep and abiding debt of gratitude we owe to our brave and gallant Army and Navy. The memory of the fallen let us cherish in our heart of hearts, as martyr-heroes, who have sacrificed their lives in defence of as holy and good a cause as has ever appealed to the love of men. The *living*, especially if they be maimed and wounded, together with their dependent families, let us nourish, protect, and care for, as one of the noblest treasures ever committed by God and His Christ to the prayers, the sympathies, and the "*substantial aid*" of the church, of society, and of every humane and philanthropic citizen. Now, more than ever, let us open our hearts in a kind and generous flow of sympathy to the wants of suffering humanity. Let us be kind to *all* men that claim our kindness; *but let us be especially and unceasingly kind to our brave and noble soldiers!*

## DOINGS OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

An examination into the character and operations of the Christian Commission leaves no room to doubt, that for completeness of organization, efficiency, economy, promptness, energy, and facilities for reaching battle-fields, it is unsurpassed, if equalled, by any other organization in existence; that the liberal gifts of the people for the soldiers reach them through the Commission without any material diminution for expenses, as its agents receive no salaries, that these gifts are distributed freely by voluntary Christian men, without regard to denominational distinctions, with kind words of cheer from home, and the best Christian counsel the delegates are capable of bestowing; and that through the favor of the Government, railroad and telegraph companies, the efficiency of the committees in Baltimore, Washington, and on the field and the indefatigable efforts of the delegates themselves, relief has been extended with more promptness and greater efficacy to our suffering heroes on the field of Gettysburg than could possibly have been attained without the help of this beneficent organization.

Indeed, in the campaign which has just closed by Lee's escape into Virginia, the services of this Commission cannot be over-estimated. Gentlemen who have just returned, and who had ample facility for witnessing its doings at and in the vicinity of Gettysburg during the last two weeks, speak to us in terms of unqualified admiration of the judicious, energetic, and self-sacrificing efforts of the delegates of this humane organization. The large experience which they have had on other fields has been wisely used in order to perfect their operations, and the result is a degree of completeness in all their appointments which, we venture to say, has mitigated the horrors of the war more than the expenditure of millions could have secured under the immediate supervision and direction of the Government.

There is a way in which everybody may become an active participant in the carrying on of this good work, and that is, by contributing money or stores.

A brief statement of the actual operations of this Commission, since the commencement of the late invasion of our State, may not be uninteresting, especially to those who have become parties to this labor of love by their donations.

At Harrisburg the "Union Tabernacle" was set up by them, in Camp Curtin, in the very opening of the campaign. It was well manned and supplied; served as a shelter for 500 soldiers in a single night, a place of supply for thousands, a base of operations for delegates going to the front, a volunteer refreshment saloon, and resting place for the hungry, thirsty, and weary, a place for writing letters home, (stationery furnished gratis) and as a *church* where thousands daily were privileged to hear the gospel, receive copies of the scriptures, &c. At Carlisle the delegates of the Christian Commission were the first and only voluntary agency on the ground; were under fire during the bombardment, took the wounded from the field to the hospital, nursed, supplied and cheered them, and brought them to Harrisburg. At Gettysburg they, with their stores, were also first on the ground, to which field they have sent in all over two hundred delegates. Money has been converted into articles most needed and sent forward under their auspices by the kindness of railroad companies. Over one thousand boxes have been forwarded to Gettysburg, in this way, for distribution. Money has been contributed for their use by the churches and citizens of Philadelphia, Boston, and other places, with marked generosity, the stores and money thus contributed having amounted to more than sixty thousand dollars in a single week. Our readers should bear in mind that moneys for the use of the Christian Commission can be handed to Mr. Patterson, president of Western Bank, and stores to Mr. George H. Stuart, president of the Commission, at No. 13 Bank street. Let the good work go on, so that if the terrible alternative of death and destruction should still be forced upon us by rebels in arms, we may, at least, have the happy consciousness that amid scenes of blood we remembered mercy.

## THE PRESIDENT'S THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

President Lincoln, in issuing his proclamation on the 15th instant, calling upon the people of the United States to observe Thursday, the 6th day of August next, as a day of national thanksgiving, praise and prayer, did a graceful act, and one that will command the honor and respect of good men everywhere. It is fitting that the loyal people of the land, in passing through their present baptism of fire and blood, should at this time signalize their gratitude to Him who "doeth according to His will in the Army of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth," by raising an Ebenezer of acknowledgment—a confession that hitherto the *Lord* hath brought them. Both the grounds of this religious observance, and the proper objects to be kept in view, are very happily expressed by our President. Thus giving the credit to whom, in the estimation of Christian believers it belongs, he opens with this grateful acknowledgment of God's sovereignty:

"It has," he says, "pleased Almighty God to hearken to the supplications and prayers of an afflicted people, and to vouchsafe to the army and the navy of the United States victories on land and on the sea, so signal and so effective as to furnish reasonable grounds for augmented confidence that the Union of these States will be sustained, their Constitution preserved, and their peace and prosperity permanently restored."

The proclamation is not put forth in the form of an arbitrary edict, but as an invitation. "I invite the people of the United States to assemble on that occasion in their customary places of worship, and, in the forms approved by their own conscience, to render the homage due to the Divine Majesty for the wonderful things He has done in our nation's behalf," is his language. So, too, the objects of this service, as expressed in the proclamation, cannot fail to awaken a pleasing response in the heart of every Christian—namely, to "invoke the Holy Spirit to subdue the anger which has produced and so long sustained a needless and cruel rebellion; to change the hearts of the insurgents; to guide the counsels of the Government with wisdom adequate to so great a national emergency, and to visit with tender care and consolation throughout the length and breadth of our land, all those who, through the vicissitudes of marches, voyages, battles, and sieges, have been brought to suffer in mind, body, or estate; and finally, to lead the whole nation through the paths of repentance and submission to the Divine will, back to the perfect enjoyment of union and fraternal peace." These sentiments are worthy the head and heart of a Christian statesman, and the style in which they are expressed would do honor to the pen of the most eminent ecclesiastic.

## THE CONSCRIPTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

The draft has been proceeding peaceably in the different districts of the city during the past week. The authorities are prepared to suppress any popular outbreak, should such unfortunately occur. We hope for the good name of Philadelphia that there will be no such disgraceful scenes enacted as there was in our sister city of New York.

The drawing is conducted as follows: Slips of paper about six inches in length and one inch in breadth are provided on which the name, occupation, and residence of the person are written and placed in a large box, which revolves, so as to mix up the names together indiscriminately. From this box is drawn by a person who is blindfolded, each name, the number of which names will be determined by the enrolling board of the district, according to the quota and the number of inhabitants in each ward. The board consists of an assistant provost marshal, a surgeon, and commissioner. After the name is drawn the person is notified of the fact, and must appear at the provost marshal's office of his district before the expiration of ten days after the date of said drawing.

The following causes will exempt from being drafted:

1. Manifest imbecility or insanity.
2. Epilepsy. For this disability the statement of the drafted man is insufficient, and the fact must be established by the duly attested affidavit of a physician of good standing, who had attended him in a convulsion.
3. Paralysis, general or of one limb, or chorea; their existence to be adequately determined.
4. Acute or organic disease of the brain or spinal chord; of the heart or lungs, of the kidneys or intestines; of the kidneys or bladder, sufficient to have impaired the general health, or so well marked as to leave no reasonable doubt of the man's incapacity of military service.
5. Confirmed consumption; cancer; aneurism of the large arteries.
6. Inveterate and extensive diseases of the skin, which will necessarily impair the efficiency of a soldier.
7. Decided feebleness of constitution, whether natural or acquired.
8. Scrofula or constitutional syphilis, which has resisted treatment and seriously impaired the general health.
9. Habitual or confirmed intemperance, or solitary vice, in a degree sufficient to have materially enfeebled the constitution.
10. Chronic rheumatism, unless manifested by positive change of structure, wasting of the affected limb, or puffiness or distortion of the joint, does not exempt. Impaired motion of joints and contraction of the limbs, alleged to arise from rheumatism, and in which the nutrition of the limb is not manifestly impaired, are to be proved by examination while in a state of anesthesia induced by ether only.
11. Pain, whether simulating headache, neuralgia in any of its forms, rheumatism, lumbago, or affections of the muscles, bones or joints, is a symptom of disease so easily pretended that it is not to be admitted as a cause for exemption unless accompanied with manifest derangement of the general health, wasting of a limb, or other positive signs of disqualifying local disease.
12. Great injuries or diseases of the skull, occasioning impairment of the intellectual faculties, epilepsy, or other manifest nervous or spasmodic symptoms.
13. Total loss of sight; loss of sight of right eye, cataract, loss of crystalline lens of right eye.
14. Other serious diseases of the eye, affecting its integrity and use, e. g., chronic opthalmia, fistula lachrymalis, ptosis (if real), ectropion, entropion, &c. Myopia, unless very decided or depending upon some structural change in the eye, is not a cause for exemption.
15. Loss of nose; deformity of nose, so great as seriously to obstruct respiration, ozena, dependent upon caries in progress.
16. Complete deafness. This inability must not be admitted on the mere statement of the drafted man, but must be proved by the existence of positive disease, or by other satisfactory evidence. Purulent otorrhœa.
17. Caries of the superior or inferior maxilla of the nasal or palate bones, if in progress, cleft palate (bony); extensive loss of substance of the cheeks, or salivary fistula.
18. Dumbness; permanent loss of voice, not to be admitted without clear and satisfactory proof.
19. Total loss of tongue; mutilation or partial loss of tongue, provided the mutilation be extensive enough to interfere with the necessary use of the organ.
20. Hypertrophy or atrophy of the tongue sufficient in a degree to impair speech or deglutition; obstinate, chronic ulceration of the tongue.
21. Stammering if excessive and confirmed, to be established by satisfactory evidence under oath.
22. Loss of a sufficient number of teeth to prevent proper mastication of food and tearing the cartridge.
23. Incurable deformities or loss of part of either jaw, hindering biting of the cartridge or proper mastication, or greatly injuring speech; anchylosis of lower jaw.
24. Tumours of the neck, impeding respiration or deglutition; fistula or larynx, or trachea; torticollis, if of long standing and well marked.
25. Deformity of the chest sufficient to impede respiration, or to prevent the carrying of arms and military equipments; caries of the ribs.
26. Deficient amplitude and power of expansion of chest. A man five feet three inches (minimum standard height for the regular army) should not measure less than thirty inches in circumference immediately above the nipples, and have an expansive mobility of not less than two inches.
27. Abdomen grossly protuberant; excessive obesity; hernia, either inguinal or femoral.
28. Artificial anus; stricture of the rectum; prolapsus ani. Fistula in ano is not a positive disqualification, but may be so if extensive or complicated with visceral disease.
29. Old and ulcerated internal hemorrhoids, if in degree sufficient to impair the man's efficiency. External hemorrhoids are no cause for exemption.
30. Total loss or nearly total loss of penis; epispadia or hypospadia at the middle or near the root of the penis.
31. Incurable permanent organic stricture of the urethra, in which the urine is passed drop by drop, or which is complicated by disease of the bladder; urinary fistula. Recent or spasmodic strictures of the urethra does not exempt.
32. Incontinence of urine, being a disease frequently feigned and of rare occurrence, is not of itself a cause for exemption. Stone in the bladder, ascertained by the introduction of the metallic catheter, is a positive disqualification.
33. Loss or complete atrophy of both testicles from any cause, permanent retention of one or both testicles within the inguinal canal, but voluntary retraction does not exempt.
34. Confirmed or malignant sarcocele hydrocele, if complicated with organic disease of the testicle. Varicocele are not in themselves disqualifying.
35. Excessive anterior or posterior curvature of the spine; caries of the spine.
37. Wounds, fractures, tumors, atrophy of a limb, or chronic diseases of the joints or bones, that would impede marching or prevent continuous muscular exertion.
38. Anchylosis or irreducible dislocation of the shoulder, elbow, wrist, hip, knee, or ankle joint.
39. Muscular or cutaneous contraction from wounds or burns, in a degree sufficient to prevent useful motion of the limb.
40. Total loss of a thumb; loss of ungual phalanx of the right thumb.
41. Total loss of two fingers of same hand.
42. Total loss of index finger of right hand.
43. Loss of the first and second phalanges of the fingers of the right hand.
44. Permanent extension or permanent contraction of any finger except the little finger; all the fingers adherent or united.
45. Total loss of either great toe, loss of any three toes on the same foot; all the toes joined together.
46. The great toe crossing the other toes, with great prominence at the articulation of the metatarsal bone and first phalanx of the great toe.
47. Overriding, or superposition of all the toes.
48. Permanent retraction of the last phalanx of one of the toes, so that the free border of the nail bears upon the ground; or flexion at a right angle of the first phalanx of a toe upon a second, with anchylosis of this articulation.
49. Club feet; splay feet, where the arch is so far effaced that the tuberosity of the scaphoid bone touches the ground and the line of station runs along the whole internal border of the foot, with great prominence of the inner ankle, but ordinary large, ill-shaped, or flat feet do not exempt.
50. Varicose veins of inferior extremities, if large and numerous, with clusters of knots, and accompanied with chronic swelling or ulcerations.
51. Chronic ulcers; extensive, deep, and adherent cicatrices of lower extremities.

No certificate of a physician or surgeon is to be received in support of any point in the claim of drafted men for exemption from military service, unless the facts and statements therein set forth are affirmed or sworn to before a civil magistrate competent to administer oaths.

57. The exemption under the first provision of section 2 of the act for enrolling and calling out the national forces, etc., will generally be sufficiently well known to the Board to obviate the necessity of evidence with regard to them. Should, however, the Board consider it necessary, in any case, the commission or certificate of office of any person claiming exemption under the provision mentioned may be required to be shown.

58. To establish exemption under the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth provisions of section 2 of the act for enrolling and calling out the national forces, &c., the Board shall require the affidavits of the persons seeking to be exempt, and of two respectable men (heads of families) residing in the district, that the man in question is "the only son of aged or infirm parents, or parents dependent on his labor for support," or otherwise, according to the particular provision of the section under which the exemption is claimed. These affidavits will be made according to the forms hereinafter prescribed, and must, in all cases, be taken before a civil magistrate duly authorized to administer oaths. These forms of affidavit shall be published by the Board of Enrolment in the newspaper of the district, for the information of the public when a draft is ordered.

The following are also exempt:

First. The Vice President of the United States, the judges of the various courts of the United States, the heads of the various Executive Departments of the Government, and the Governors of the several States. Second. The only son liable to military duty of a widow dependent upon his labor for support. Third. The only son of aged or infirm parent or parents dependent upon his labor for support. Fourth. Where there are two or more sons of aged and infirm parents subject to draft, the father, or if he be dead, the mother may elect which son shall be exempt. Fifth. The only brother of children not twelve years old having neither father nor mother, dependent upon his labor for their support. Sixth. The father of motherless children under twelve years of age dependent upon his labor for their support. Seventh. Where there are a father and sons in the same family and household, and two of them are in the military service of the United States as non-commissioned officers, musicians, or privates, the residue of such family and household, not exceeding two shall be exempt: Provided, however, That no person who has been convicted of felony shall be enrolled or permitted to serve in said forces.

THE CITY'S QUOTA.—Under the late call for 7,783 men for the defence of the State, the following troops have been mustered in, and are now in service:

| | |
|---|---|
| Second Regiment, Col. Thomas | 1,200 |
| First Coal Regiment, Col. Day | 1,046 |
| First Regiment Union League, Col. Whipple | 1,016 |
| Merchants' Regiment, Col. Woodward | 800 |
| Bridesburg Guards, Col. Jeoks | 900 |
| Second Union League, Col. Gray | 900 |
| Second Coal Regiment, Col. Hopkinson | 800 |
| Corn Exchange, Col. A. Murphy | 875 |
| Third Union League Regiment, Col. McLane | 900 |
| First Troop City Cavalry, Capt. Randall | 85 |
| Merrick & Sons' Company, foundry-men | 85 |
| First Company City Police, Capt. Spear | 100 |
| Independent Company, Capt. Wm. B. Mann | 65 |
| Miller's Light Howitzer Battery | 85 |
| Woodward's Battery | 85 |
| Second Keystone Battery | 140 |
| Thompson Rifles, Capt. Rice | 102 |
| To these must be added the Gray and Blue Reserves and Landis' Battery | 1,870 |
| Total | 11,079 |
| Late call | 7,783 |
| More than the number called for | 3,296 |

THE PHILADELPHIA COUNTY PRISON.—The prison agent, Wm. J. Mullen, in his ninth annual report just presented to the board of inspectors of the Philadelphia county prison, shows that he has effected the release of 1,285 persons from prison within the last year, at a cost of $129 58, which money was mainly given by the prisoners or their friends, and paid to the magistrates, district attorney, and other officials. Among the number released, there were 693 men, 535 women, 25 small children, and 32 insane persons, who were sent to the insane department of the almshouse. The parties were all committed, to be tried in court. Most of these, however, appeared to be innocent of the offences of which they were accused, or they had been committed for charges of a trifling character. After a careful examination of their cases, the prisoners were immediately released, instead of being detained in prison for months, awaiting trial. The timely interference of the agent in effecting their discharge, with the consent of all parties concerned, prevented much suffering, that would otherwise, have taken place. In doing this, however, great caution has been observed to avoid defeating the ends of justice, or in any way shielding the guilty from deserved punishment. But the contrary has been the case, as, in many instances, the ends of justice have been subserved by having the real criminal punished.

The liberation of the above-mentioned prisoners saved to the tax-payers of the county the sum of $11,160.44, which it would have cost to *ignore their bills and support them* while in prison, had they remained until the term of the court in which their cases would have been disposed of.

Out of the 16,637 who were committed within the year, there were but 345 convicted and sentenced and recommitted to the prison, and there were 392 whose bills were ignored. Of the remainder, there were discharged by the magistrates, 7,016, and by the inspectors, 6,511.

The number of cases acted upon by the Grand Jury within the last year was 3,119, out of which 1,621 *true bills* were found, and 1,198 *were ignored*.

There have been written, during the past year, upward of 300 letters for the prisoners and sent to their friends, informing them of their difficulties and wants.

In the case of *discharged convicts*, a class beyond all others needing sympathy and help, the agent has, as usual, specially *interested himself*, in numerous instances supplying them with articles of clothing and other needful items, and providing for them temporary homes, or obtaining permanent self-supporting employment. He has also secured railroad tickets for numbers who wished to go to distant friends.

Many of the discharged females were taken by the agent to the Howard Home, or to the Rosine Asylum. These excellent institutions continue to receive such persons from the prison for instruction in the useful occupation of sewing, as well as house-work, the object being to reform them and make them good citizens. In this the managers of the Howard Home have been particularly successful, as several of the young girls have been protected and made wiser and better, and places obtained for them in many instances—a circumstance that is not only salutary to those who have been benefited, but it must be equally so to the officers of the institution.

The moral instruction given on the Sabbath day, under the supervision of the agent, by the clergy of the different denominations, accompanied very often, as has been the case, by choice singing of a highly interesting character, from ladies and gentlemen connected with the choirs of various churches, has not only been pleasing to the prisoners, but must have been highly beneficial to all who came within the sound of their voices. This, together with the advice and counsel given from time to time by the inspectors, cannot fail to be productive of good to those who are imprisoned.

In the conclusion of his report the agent thanks the inspectors for the kind cooperation which he has at all times received.

A TROOP FOR CITY DEFENCE.—A meeting of a number of citizens of Philadelphia was held on Tuesday at No. 619 Walnut street, the object being to form a troop of mounted men for city protection. An interview was had with his Honor the Mayor by E. B. Stauffer, late captain in the 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry, in relation to the object, and he heartily endorsed it. Each member of the troop will furnish his own horse and equipments, the city furnishing the revolver, carbine, and sabre. The greater portion of those present here already seen active service in the field, and are honorably discharged officers, whose health prevents them from performing more active service, but who are willing to render to the city all the service that lies in their power. The roll of the troop is now open at the Ludwick Building, room 24, Walnut street, above Sixth.

DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY AT GETTYSBURG.—An officer of the 90th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, (Col. P. Lyle's,) and attached to the staff of the 1st Corps, and who was wounded in the first day's fight, speaks in the highest terms of the magnanimity of the Rev. Prof. H. L. Baugher, (President of Gettysburg College,) his estimable wife and kind-hearted daughter. Some eighteen of the wounded of the 1st Corps were carried to the splendid mansion of the Professor. Day and night the family were unremitting in their attentions to the wants of the sufferers; and although the rebels held possession of the town for three days, and the house was searched repeatedly, the officer was so effectually concealed that he escaped being taken prisoner. This noble family, unlike many other residents of the place, refused any compensation whatever, and we consider it but a just tribute to mention the occurrence.

IMPORTANT TO OFFICERS IN THE PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.—The Legislature of Pennsylvania, at its present session, passed an act paying all persons who have recruited troops for the United States, or the State of Pennsylvania, the same pay and allowances as are given to an officer in the service of the United States. The manner of obtaining it can be learned by application in person or by letter to Messrs. Joseph E. Devitt & Company, No. 427 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Military and Naval Agents. Already these gentlemen have some four hundred claims of this character in hand. The same act provides for the payment of the militia for any services rendered, for the payment of any materials or supplies furnished to troops, for any damages sustained in loss or injury done to property by the conduct of the soldiers.

## MARRIED.

FINLEY—CLEMENTS.—On the 9th inst., by the Rev. A. M. Jolly, Mr. William Finley to Miss Agnes Clements, all of Bustleton, Philadelphia.

MATLACK—SHOCK.—On the 12th instant, by Alderman Samuel F. Flood, Mr. Edward Matlack to Miss Elizabeth Shock, both of Philadelphia.

ELLIS—RIBBINS.—On the 1st of March, by the Rev. J. H. Gordon, Mr. Wm. Ellis, of this city, to Emma Ward Robbins, of Burlington county, N. J.

ROBINSON—HILLIARD.—On the 15th instant, before Mayor Henry, by Friends' ceremony, Lieut. Frederick Robinson, 5th U. S. Artillery, to Hannah T. Hilliard, of Philadelphia. No cards.

KIRK—McCRORY.—On the 14th of May, by the Rev. Joseph Kennard, Mr. Emanuel M. Kirk to Miss Martha J. McCrory, only daughter of James McCrory, both of Philadelphia.

TAYLOR—PYLE.—On the 16th of Seventh Month, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Friends' ceremony, Jonathan K. Taylor to Emma L. Pyle, both of Chester county, Penna.

BETTICHER—CLARKE.—On the morning of the 14th inst., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, D. D., Mr. J. C. Betticher to Miss Sarah R. Clarke, daughter of C. F. Clarke, Esq.

BOWMAN—TAYLOR.—On the evening of the 16th inst., before Mayor Henry, by Friends' ceremony, Cyrus Bowman to Sallie Taylor, both of Philadelphia.

NICE—PALMER.—On the 16th inst., by Alderman John Clouds, Mr. Stephen Nice to Mrs. Catharine E. Palmer, all of Philadelphia.

SHUTTLEWORTH—PHILLIPS.—On the 15th inst., by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. John Shuttleworth to Miss Caroline Phillips, all of Frankford, Pennsylvania.

## DIED.

CARR.—Suddenly, on Saturday afternoon, 11th inst., George W. Carr, in the 28th year of his age.

LEVIS.—On Wednesday, 15th instant, Anna Roberts Levis, eldest daughter of Dr. R. J. and Henrietta B. Levis, aged 1 year and 6 months.

BIGGIN.—On the 13th inst., Mr. Thomas Biggin, aged 53 years.

KENT.—On Sunday morning, William E. Kent, aged 21 years, only child of Dr. J. Emerson and Hester Kent.

COLLINGE.—On the 11th instant, Job B. Collinge, aged [illegible] years.

CRANKSHAW.—On the 14th instant, Charles William, son of John and Hannah Crankshaw, aged 9 years, 0 months, and 14 days.

DEVEREAUX.—On the 15th instant, Mr. Peter Devereaux, aged [illegible] years, native of the county of Wexford, Ireland.

ABBOTT.—On Wednesday afternoon, the 15th instant, at Bessie Bell Farm, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, Eleanor Pearls, daughter of W. Stevenson and the late Elizabeth M. Hood Abbott.

ALLEN.—Killed while nobly battling for his country, at Gettysburg, on the 3d of July, Samuel Allen, of Co. A, 26th Regiment P. V., son of the late Aaron and Eliza Allen, aged 42 years and 3 months.

CAILEY.—On the 13th inst., from wounds received at the battle of Gettysburg, John Caldy, of Co. H, 69th Regiment P. V., in the 14th year of his age.

JONES.—Killed at the battle of Gettysburg, Friday, July 3d, Lieutenant Sullian Jones, of Company E, 72d Regiment P. V. (Fire Zouaves), in the 29th year of his age.

BOYLE.—Killed at the battle of Gettysburg, on the 3d inst., while nobly fighting for his country, John F. Boyle, of Company I, 69th P. V., son of Catharine and the late Bernard Boyle, in the 22d year of his age.

NEISER.—Killed, in battle, on Thursday, July 2d, near Gettysburg, Henry Clay Neiser, of Company A, 26th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the 23d year of his age.

ASH.—Killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3d, Edwin K. Ash, in the 24th year of his age, son of Samuel and Lydia Ann Ash, of Company F, Baxter's Fire Zouaves.

AUNER.—Killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3d, Joseph Owen Auner, of Company A, 72d Regiment P. V., in the 24th year of his age.

GRIFFITHS.—From a wound received at the battle of Gettysburg, Captain Francis J. Griffiths, aid-de-camp to General O. O. Howard, in the 34th year of his age.

FRANCINE.—From effects of wounds received at Gettysburg, Colonel Louis R. Francine, of the 7th New Jersey Regiment.

LONGWORTH.—On the 14th inst., from a wound received on the 3d inst., at the battle of Gettysburg, Sergeant Charles Longworth, Co. D, 28th P. V., of Col. Geary's regiment.

SHAW.—July 24, at the Frederick Hospital, Maryland, James A. Shaw, of Co. H, 121st P. V., aged 21 years.

DEVLIN.—Killed at the battle of Gettysburg on the 2d July, while nobly fighting for his country, John Devlin, Co. K, 26th Regt. Penna. Vols., aged 21 years.

APPLEGATE.—Killed in battle on the 3d, at Gettysburg, John Applegate, of Co. K, 29th Regiment, P. V., son David and of Elizabeth Applegate, aged 20 years.

ASH.—Killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3d, Edwin K. Ash, of Co. F, Baxter's Fire Zouaves, in the 25th year of his age.

### Weekly Report of Interments.

HEALTH OFFICE, July 18, 1863.

*Deaths and Interments in the City of Philadelphia from the 11th to the 18th of July, 1863.*

| Causes of Death | Adults | Children | Causes of Death | Adults | Children |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Asthma | 1 | | Fever, Puerperal | 1 | |
| Abscess | | 1 | " Scarlet | | 5 |
| Anemia | 1 | | " Typhoid | 12 | 1 |
| Albuminuria | | 1 | Gangrene | 1 | 1 |
| Apoplexy | 3 | | Hydrophobia | | 1 |
| Cancer of Throat | 1 | | Hemorrhage | 2 | |
| " Stomach | 2 | | " Lungs | 1 | |
| Croup | | 4 | Hooping Cough | | 1 |
| Congestion, Brain | 1 | 4 | Inflammation Brain | 3 | 11 |
| " Heart | 1 | | " Bronchi | 1 | |
| " Lungs | 1 | 1 | " Colon | | 1 |
| Coup de Soleil | 1 | | " Lungs | | 4 |
| Cholera Infantum | | 16 | " Peritoneum | 2 | 1 |
| " Morbus | | 2 | " Pleura | | 1 |
| Chicken Pox | | 1 | " S & Bowels | 3 | 6 |
| Compression of Brain | 1 | | Insanity | 1 | |
| Consumption, Lungs | 36 | 2 | Inanition | | 4 |
| Concussion, Brain | | 1 | Kicked by a horse | 1 | |
| Convulsions | 1 | 15 | Mania-a-Potu | 4 | |
| Cyanosis | | 1 | Marasmus | 2 | 23 |
| Diptheria | | 6 | Measles | | 4 |
| Diarrhoea | 4 | 10 | Ossification, Heart | 1 | |
| Dropsy | 3 | 4 | Old Age | 2 | |
| " Abdominal | 1 | | Palsy | 4 | |
| " Brain | | 3 | Rheumatism | 1 | |
| " Chest | 1 | | Run over on railroad | 2 | 1 |
| " Heart | 1 | | Scrofula | | 1 |
| Disease of Brain | | 9 | Small Pox | | 1 |
| " Heart | 5 | 1 | Still born | | 10 |
| " Blood | | 1 | Teething | | 3 |
| Drowned | 4 | 2 | Tumors | 1 | |
| Dysentery | | 2 | Tetanus | 3 | |
| Debility | 6 | 6 | Unknown | 1 | |
| Erysipelas | | 1 | Wounds—Gunshot | 31 | 4 |
| Empyema | 1 | | | | |
| Fever, Congestive | | 1 | Total | 148 | 240 |

OF THE ABOVE THERE WERE—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Under 1 year | 1[illegible] | From 40 to 50 | 20 |
| From 1 to 2 | 40 | " 50 to 60 | 15 |
| " 2 to 5 | [illegible] | " 60 to 70 | 15 |
| " 5 to 10 | 10 | " 70 to 80 | 6 |
| " 10 to 15 | 8 | " 80 to 90 | 4 |
| " 15 to 20 | 1 | | |
| " 20 to 30 | 27 | Total | 388 |
| " 30 to 40 | 33 | | |

| Wards | | Wards | | Wards | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | 28 | Tenth | 14 | Nineteenth | 12 |
| Second | 27 | Eleventh | 3 | Twentieth | 15 |
| Third | 19 | Twelfth | 10 | Twenty-first | 6 |
| Fourth | 19 | Thirteenth | 7 | Twenty-second | 7 |
| Fifth | 15 | Fourteenth | 7 | Twenty-third | 7 |
| Sixth | 4 | Fifteenth | 20 | Twenty-fourth | 25 |
| Seventh | 25 | Sixteenth | 11 | Twenty-fifth | 7 |
| Eighth | 12 | Seventeenth | 11 | Unknown | 62 |
| Ninth | 7 | Eighteenth | 4 | | |

Total ... 388

Deduct deaths from the country ... 32

Net deaths in the city ... 356

Nativity—United States, 296; Foreign, 61; Unknown, 21; from the Alms-house, 5; People of Color, 19; from the country, 32.

The number of deaths, compared with the corresponding week in 1862 and of last week, was as follows:

Week ending July 19, 1862, was 360

Week ending July 11, 1863, was 336

Males, 231; Females, 155; Boys, 127; Girls, 113.

Deaths and interments of soldiers in the city, 62.

By order of the Board of Health.

WILLIAM READ, Health Officer.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

From J. E. GOULD, music-dealer, 639 Chestnut street. Six pieces of his own publication, of which the best songs are Fiacci's amusing ballad, "Haf you ever a Cousin, Tom?" George Barker's touching "Return of the Emigrant," and I. Westwood's "Mill Song." The "Morning Promenade," by O. Kolling, is far above the usual run of piano-forte music. We also have several pieces published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston,—polkas, mazourkas, and songs. Among the latter the best is "Corn is King," and a ballad, by Desmond Ryan, entitled "Memory." Mr. Gould can supply every piece of music published here or abroad.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS:

"The Tiger Slayer," one of the popular series of Gustave Aimard's Indo-American romances published by this enterprising house. It is one of the best of Aimard's tales—spirited, intense, and correct in local coloring. It is translated with equal accuracy and freedom.

From Peterson we also have one of Mrs. Henry Wood's early stories, "Gervase Castonel, or The Six Gray Powders." We published this five years ago, in our *Weekly Press*, where it attracted much attention. Except that no one can see the motives for a man's giving poison to two or three young wives in succession, it is an exciting tale, written with great power. It is published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY, of this city, we see, still improves in value, despite war, invasions, victories or defeats. This truly excellent magazine, edited by one of the best horticultural writers of the day, Mr. Thomas Meehan, and numbering among its contributors nearly all the principal florists, pomologists and amateurs in the country, is now in its fifth year, and has been steadily improving from the first. At present it is undoubtedly the best Horticultural Magazine in the United States. Its illustrations are remarkably fine, and what is more, they all have a purpose. A sketch and engraving of a watering-barrow in the July number is worth, to any one having a large garden, more than double the price of subscription. Published by W. G. P. Brinckloe, 23 N. Sixth street.

## PERSONAL ITEMS.

— General Sickles has passed the critical point in his case, and is now rapidly recovering.

— Another volume of Mendelssohn's letters will appear next month. They were written between 1833 and 1847.

— The London *Patriot* states that, since the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has been in England, he has expressed his intention not to undertake any public engagements.

— Goethe's correspondence with the Grand Duke of Weimar, so long anticipated, is at last in press, and will be before the public. The two volumes will contain some six hundred letters.

— John Morgan, as is well known, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, does not carry the leading article of "brains" in his command. That article is under the hat of Col. Basil Duke, who is Morgan's adviser, and advises by the authority of superior abilities.

— Lieut. E. L. Sproat writes to Governor Ramsay that, out of the 1st Minnesota regiment, less than one hundred men are left. Colonel Colville, together with the lieutenant colonel, major, and a majority of captains and lieutenants, are killed or wounded.

— Among the drafted men, in Portland, was Mr. Henry Willis, the well-known naturalist and historian. The Portland *Advertiser* says: "We can imagine him in the tops of the highest trees, taking a calm survey of things, and examining the birds of various plumage, and the curious bugs, which may adorn the collection in the Portland Society of Natural History."

— The hereditary Prince Frederick Ferdinand of Denmark, heir to the Danish crown, born November 22, 1792, died suddenly on the 29th ult., at Copenhagen. The prince was uncle to the King of Denmark, and great uncle to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. By this event Prince Christian, the father of the Princess of Wales, becomes immediate heir to the Danish crown.

— The father of Gen. Grant, living at Covington, Ky., was lately serenaded by a large deputation from Cincinnati. The wife of the General received the same compliment on Tuesday. Gen. Strong, acknowledging this tribute for Mrs. Grant, desired, in her behalf, that the gallant soldiers of the army should be remembered with gratitude. "Mrs. Grant is now on the way to join her husband, who, since the commencement of the war, has not asked for one day's absence. He has not found time to be sick. With these remarks, she bids you good night, and begs that you accept her thousand thanks."

— Rev. Charles Beecher, a brother of Henry Ward Beecher, is before a mutual ecclesiastical council, in session in Georgetown, Mass., for the purpose of considering certain charges against the "orthodoxy" of his doctrines. The complainants on whose charges Mr. Beecher is arraigned, say that some of the doctrines preached by him are not in accordance with the faith once delivered to the Saints, and held generally by the churches in New England, viz: "The doctrine of pre-existence of the human soul—of the atonement—of the state of souls after death, and of divine sorrow."

— Gen. Gabriel Rene Paul, a skillful and gallant officer, who was erroneously reported killed at Gettysburg during the first day's fight, is now lying in that village severely wounded. A round ball, evidently from a hunting rifle, in the hands of a sharpshooter, penetrated the right side of the head, near the temple, and, passing near the brain, severed the optic nerve, and passed out through the left eye. The wound is an ugly and dangerous one; but the physicians not only look for a recovery, but hope to restore the sight of one or both eyes.

— The sudden conversion of Hon. Albert Gallatin Brown to Unionism is regarded as one of the marvels of a better change in the rebellion. Mr. Brown was once United States Senator from Mississippi, but more recently a member of the rebel Congress. This Mississippi politician, under the old *regime*, was one of the most violent and coarse assailers of everything Northern, and was fiercely devoted to slavery. He opposed Buchanan for being too much of a Northern man, and came very near overthrowing Jeff. Davis in Mississippi, because the latter defended Buchanan. It is surprising that he came and surrendered to Grant, utterly disavowing any belief in Secession, declaring that he was always opposed to it, and finally taking the oath of allegiance.

STUART.—A communication, as follows, in the London *Times*, claims that Gen. J. E. Stuart is of royal descent, (from the Pretender, perhaps):

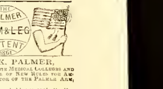
SIR: Will you allow me to say that as General J. E. Stewart, of the Confederate force, is, I believe, descended from Alexander, son of William Stewart, of Castle-Stewart, Wigtonshire, N. B., who was a grandson of William, second Earl of Galloway, his name ought to be spelt as above.

The name, if spelt Stuart, indicates only illegitimate descent from the Kings of Scotland. The last survivor of the Castle-Stewart Stewarts, bearing that name, died this spring, and General J. E. Stewart is now the only representative of that family.

$75 PER MONTH GUARANTEED. Testimonials of Clergymen and scientific men sent free. ISAAC HALE, Jr., & CO., Newburyport, Mass. jy4-3md&W

$75 A MONTH!—I WANT TO HIRE AGENTS in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address S. MADISON, my 6-3m Alfred, Maine.

$60 A MONTH!—WE WANT AGENTS at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other new articles. 15 circulars *free*. SHAW & CLARK, my 6-3m Biddeford, Maine.

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### POETRY OF LINCOLN.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and dandy of the meadow side,
Mate and child and home she has not.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Off to the South and on to the North,
Meadow and marsh and thicket and river,
Wide are his wanderings, rich is his song:
Who is so merry, so free and so long?
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knave, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six weeks or so, and the moult is past;
Flutter and circle in spring weather,
Robert of Lincoln is gone at last,
All the birds sing together,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nine times out of ten, at the least,
Robert of Lincoln's song is the best.
Chee, chee, chee.

Now they are all on their autumn flight:
Never look backward, nor stop for fright,
Till they are safe in the Southern clime,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a chorus of natural melody,
Where the sweet fields stretch
Far and free
Before the wanderer's eye,
Nice times and good times abroad they go,
But anon they will come to the North, I know,
Robert of Lincoln's heart is light,
Robert of Lincoln's song is right:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Soon as the frosts reach the north,
Soon as the sun has brought the spring,
Robert of Lincoln, mind you,
Will be back in the merry old swing.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Robert of Lincoln is gone to rest
Under the tall grass with the grass o'ergrown,
Robert of Lincoln's song is still,
Robert of Lincoln's merry bill;
Yet he will come in the morning early,
Robert of Lincoln's song is true,
Robert of Lincoln's song is due,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gone to rest
Under the tall grass with the grass o'ergrown,
Robert of Lincoln's song is still,
Robert of Lincoln's merry bill;
Yet he will come in the morning early,
Robert of Lincoln's song is true,
Robert of Lincoln's song is due,
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer comes, he swallows the bill-o'-fare,
Winter comes, he eats or leaves;
Robert of Lincoln's a bachelor yet,
Or he has not as long as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you call these the merry old winds,
Robert of Lincoln is not behind.
Chee, chee, chee.

### RAIN IN AUTUMN.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and level street,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it plashes along the curb,
In the autumn eventide,
How it quivers and gushes and sobs,
From the crest of the overflowing spout
Across the way!
How it dashes
And wets the window panes,
And, until well wash,
With a misty, cloudy veil,
Like a river runs the gutter roots,
Impetuous and turbid!

The air rests now in chamber hush
In the tranquil breeze;
No one but the dust
Dreads it each little pool,
Each dimple
Where a rain spirit,
And he fondles a blessing on the rain.

—Correspondent.

### PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

In the year 1730, an apothecary was boarded by the Czar Peter, in the house of Dr. Boerhaave, at Leyden, in order that he might receive advice and instruction from the latter, for the resuscitation of the trades. Some of their brethren in London, at the present time, are in a similar state of mind.

The apothecary was boarded with Dr. Boerhaave, who had a very large family, and was very poor. He had not been used to school-boys, very short sized, and of a very tender age, and he was therefore at a loss how to govern them. He had a very good way. He had set up a stall in the room next to his study, and filled it with gingerbread nuts, apples, and such things as children are fond of. He was a conscientious, worthy man, and would not cheat them of their money, but he was unwilling to lose his time. He therefore placed them above his study, and whenever they were quiet, threw them down some of their apples and gingerbread nuts. This was a complete way of managing them. It was a complete study, and a complete way of governing children. Dr. Boerhaave was a very learned man, and had a very large collection of books, which he was desirous of preserving from children, for fear they should tear them. He therefore placed them in the room next to the children, where a very small and not extensive collection of books was placed, for the use of the children. When they were quiet, he would throw them down a few books, which they would read, and thus keep them quiet for a time. When they had read through all the books which were in his room, he threw down more to them, which they read over and over again, and thus he was able to keep them quiet, and at the same time to improve their minds.

Peter was accustomed to accompany his wife to church, and to sit in the same pew with her. Dr. Boerhaave, whose house was very near the church, had a custom of taking a walk in the garden, before the service commenced, and by so doing he was frequently absent from church when the bell began to ring. Peter, who was very punctual, and who was always ready before the time, used frequently to go to the Doctor's house, and knock at the door, in order that he might call for the Doctor, and accompany him to church. Now when the Doctor was in the garden, he could not hear the knocking at the door, and therefore Peter frequently went to church without the Doctor. This was disagreeable to Peter, who was very punctual, and who was very desirous of improving himself in knowledge.

Peter therefore, one day, when he was in the Doctor's study, and when the Doctor was in the garden, took down a book, and began to read it. He found it contained very useful knowledge, and he therefore frequently went to the Doctor's study, and read a book or two. He was very much pleased with the knowledge which he found in the books